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THE FUTURE QUEEN OF HOLLAND (THE NETHERLANDS).

PRINCESS ROYAL WILHELMINA HELENA, BORN AUGUST 31, 1880.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

So the male evening dress is to be done away with! Paris has said it, and, in fashion, London is but the echo of Paris. We are all to come out in colours—red, it seems, for choice. Red becomes my complexion, and, so far, I am glad of it; but just at first it will seem odd. What one chiefly regrets, however, is that there will be no more social mistakes; no “You big, fat man, you *are* the butler,” such as the deathless O’Mulligan made with his host; no shaking hands with the waiter, who looks so much more presentable than the person whose wife has been so good as to send a card of invitation to her “swarry.” There was always that excitement in an evening party. Till a gentleman spoke he was a mute; even afterwards there might be a doubt about his gentility, what rôle he was really “undertaking”; but in green and gold—so long as he avoids plush—there can be no more errors as to his position in society. I am sorry for the butler, for, upon the whole, he has been the most stately figure in the halls of fashion for centuries; it is all very well to talk about an aristocratic appearance, Nature’s noblemen, and so forth; but let the very best looking of us put on a bad hat, and what becomes of our nobility? No butler was ever seen in a hat—and therefore never in a bad one. His air has been ever grave, decorous, and very superior. In the higher ranks of the clergy—upon which, perhaps, he first founded his manner—he has had his rivals. Bishops have been taken for butlers before now; but these are exceptional cases. Butlers are far and away the most dignified class in this country. Scarcely any master can be compared to this retainer in personal demeanour, and the master knows it. With the stranger he is always prepared for an embarrassing mistake in identity, and does his very best to guard against it—generally without success. He has had five shillings left in his hand before now, without knowing quite what to do with it, which seldom happens with ready money. And now the butler, alone left in colourless clothes, will always be the butler to everybody, and nothing more. It would be interesting to learn whether in a generation or two he will degenerate—go off in personal appearance—since it has become impossible for him to deceive people. This will form an important link, or a serious defect, in the chain of proof of the Darwinian theory.

No one doubts the fervour of first love so long as it lasts. It is like the first half-sovereign in the schoolboy’s pocket, which seems wealth beyond the dreams of avarice—till it is changed; and they are generally so soon changed, both of them. But now, and then first love endures for ever. A remarkable instance of this is reported from Saratoga, U.S.A. The case has peculiar points in it. Forty years ago did the youth and the maiden fall in love with one another—whether they sucked the same toffee-stick alternately, and “pulled the gowans fine,” together in childhood, or the declaration of their affection was reserved for a later date, is not recorded; but it was declared, and even in writing. This seems clear, because when at the eleventh hour, the youth married a rich widow instead of her, the maiden brought an action for breach of promise against him, and gained substantial damages; gained, mark, but did not realise them. Having asserted her rights, she scorned to punish her faithless swain, but left him to the stings of conscience—and the widow. The widow remained with him for forty years, through all which time the maiden remained single, true to her first love. When, at last, he himself was free to follow the early dictates of his heart—and, presumably, in a better pecuniary position to do it—he returned to his allegiance. They had both something to forgive—she his pusillanimity in declining to marry upon a small income, and he, that unpleasant breach of promise case—but they forgot it, and are now united in the bonds of matrimony. Instead of having exhausted all their topics of conversation, as certainly would have been the case by this time had they married at once, they are as fresh (that is, the topics are) as paint. It has been a little postponed; but they are, in fact, on their honeymoon. Upon the whole, I have seldom read of an example of first love so every way satisfactory; and one hopes that it may be laid to heart by the rising generation. When two young persons are inclined to be imprudent, how much better it would be, instead of pointing out the miseries of poverty and putting one’s foot down upon their foolish little scheme, to encourage it in the distant future! “Marry her? By all means, my boy, but you must marry somebody else first in order that you may have something to live upon. Undying love? Well, of course; it is because we know it is so lasting that we venture to recommend this course of action.” This Chicago idyll, read aloud in a tender way, should have a much more persuasive effect on these ardent young people than any economical lecture. For my part, I don’t see why they shouldn’t both marry in the meantime. There would be a double risk, of course, of prolonged separation; but this might be greatly reduced by the principle of selection (of the intermediates), and there would be no jarring note, in that case, of action for breach of promise. They would be as to that matter “in the same boat,” though so unfortunately divided.

One often hears of people that are “too clever by half”; but one does not often meet them. My own experience is dead the other way. Still, they exist, and even in literature. There have been half a dozen English authors—perhaps more—who would have written better if they had been less clever; that is, if they had subordinated their cleverness to other things more essential to literary success, and especially in fiction. We don’t want epigram in a story so much as the story itself; the superfluity is rare—it is more usual to have neither epigram nor story—but it has happened, and it now happens again in “John Newbold’s Ordeal” by the author of “The MeadowSweet Comedy,” to which, however, I have never been introduced. Of course there is another novelist who is even more epigrammatic; but ordinary persons find a difficulty in understanding him. To this gentleman’s wit

there is no such drawback. Still, it pervades his novel a great deal too much, like vanilla in a pudding, even if one likes vanilla. Almost all his characters are infinitely too clever—including one Limb, a fox-terrier, “whose contemplation of the calves of the superior clergy would sometimes make one wonder how a dog’s eye could possibly show so much pink.” His expression of profound imperturbability, assumed under equivocal circumstances, amounted to the highest art. As for instance, “when he was noticed to observe out of one eye, from the drawing-room window, with unnatural indifference and lack of interest, the proceedings of a pack of foxhounds that had hunted their quarry into the Rectory garden, Limb having, it was afterwards discovered, in the pursuit of his own private pleasure some minutes before, throttled the exhausted fox in the ashpit of the cucumber-house.” Again, there is a big Newfoundland in a kennel, who well knows that Limb has intruded himself by underhand arts into gentlemanly circles; at night, and chained up, he denounces him, in vain, in tones of upbraiding anguish: “Oh, if you only knew that dog as I do! He is an impostor, a low animal, not fit for an honest dog to live in the same kennel with—and now he is digging up my bone that I would not disturb to-day because it would be so mellow to-morrow, and by-and-by, when you are all asleep, the butcher’s dog, who never comes in the day-time, will come for him and the two will go out poaching!” Such dogs as these are never met with (except, perhaps, in the columns of the *Spectator*), but how charming they are! Our author describes his fellow-men with equal wit; as, for instance, “a virtuous unsweetened-gin-distiller, who periodically fortifies his conscience with the tonic of an iron church, to the great delectation of the more open-minded and impecunious of the clergy”; or a literary lady who “falling at dessert time into a little trance, due to inspiration it may be supposed, or indigestion, from which she suddenly wakes to help herself to water by the least troublesome way of tilting some out of her finger-glass into a wine-glass—to the dismay of the host, who feels irresistibly tempted to explain to the butler that this little eccentricity is of a literary or a Continental character, he is not sure which.” If readers do not appreciate these excellent touches, one is sorry for them; but it is nevertheless true that the interest of the novel itself is marred by their frequency, just as you may spoil a mutton-chop by pouring too much Harvey’s sauce upon it.

County courts cannot rival their big brothers the criminal courts in the production of melodramas; the issues of life and death are not in the hands of their “Judge,” as we now call him. He may have “a feather in his cap” (and often wears one), but it is not a black cap; the cases he adjudicates upon do not afford the materials for tragedy, but in farce his little theatre holds its own with any of the metropolitan boards (except, perhaps, the late Board of Works). There is almost always some local solicitor who, by persistent “cheek,” makes his life a burden, but affords the most rapturous enjoyment to the beholders, who never quite know whether “his Honour” will have the pluck to commit him for contempt, or not. Hither, too, comes the milliner for redress against her customer, when the bones of contention (sometimes literally such—a pair of stays) are tried on in his “private room,” and the Judge gives his opinion as to whether they are a misfit or not to a delighted audience from the bench. Hither come the suitors about what seem to the world insignificant affairs enough, but to them of the last importance, and it is the Judge who is the final appraiser. He knows the value of the MS. verses torn (like the coat of the Needy Knife Grinder) in a scuffle, and of the picture (with the poker through it) by the old master, and of the personal apparel that was accidentally played upon by the liquid-manure engine. The last thing he has had to decide seems to have been one of excessive delicacy. A gentleman sent his meerschaum to the cleaner’s, and, on getting it back again, found there was a point round which, “for the space of one-eighth of an inch,” it would not “colour”: a flaw for which he sought heavy damages. Everybody knows that to a smoker the nice conditions of the “clouded cane” of our ancestors were as nothing compared with the capacity for taking colour in a meerschaum; it is a matter which often requires a division of labour—the undergraduate buys the pipe, and the bargee smokes it for him, till the desired tint has been effected. But to the non-smoker the whole question appears to be literally in the clouds, and the proof of damage impossible. Before the Court of Queen’s Bench special jury after special jury would probably have failed to decide so delicate a question; but his Honour settled the point at once, amid “laughter.”

There are many readers who entertain a grateful remembrance of Mrs. S. C. Hall; but (as often happens) it is only after she has long left us that we are in a position to appreciate her real excellence. A letter of hers has just been published, which places her in the foremost rank of her sex—if, indeed, she has any rival. “You know I never write poetry,” she writes to a friend, “but often, often [this duplication is pathetic] Mr. Hall, in going through one of my tales, has said, ‘My dear, you have given words instead of thoughts. Destroy this page, think, and rewrite it’; and such was my faith in him, that I never disputed his judgment, but always did as I was bid.” What a husband, and what a wife! It sounds more like one of her own fairy tales than a record of real life! One has to go far back in history to find the least parallel to it; perhaps Prince Henry’s conduct to Judge Gascoigne, and vice-versa, is the nearest approach to it. Well may we say in both cases, “Happy the country that can produce such an example of authority in the one case and of obedience in the other! But, after all, what is submitting to a judge (which one cannot help) compared with acknowledging one is wrong to a critic? No; it is only in fiction that a counterpart of this lady can be discovered—in Griselda; and there is no record that even Griselda stood finding fault with her literary compositions. It is a thing that, so far as I know, no woman has ever stood—and least of all from her husband.

With a poetess, indeed, the thing is simply incredible, as poor Mrs. Hall seems to have understood, or why should she have said, “You know I never write poetry”? It seems strange that this exceptional virtue in an authoress should never have been acknowledged by the person most competent to witness to it. Is it possible that, with all the lady’s modesty as regarded her own literary merits, she may have indulged herself occasionally in a little criticism of *him*?

A medical paper informs us that those who would be not only healthy but wise must imbibe vast quantities of fresh air. “Indoor living,” it says, “is the parent of intellectual dullness as well as of physical rotundity.” This sounds all right, and as if it came out of the Book of Proverbs; but is it? I know many persons in my own profession who take very little fresh air, are not at all dull, and certainly not fat. When I add that some of them are as thin as thread-paper, it will be seen that I can’t name them; but there they are, to be seen by anybody (though hardly “in the flesh”), and he must catch them full face and not sideways. Those of my acquaintance who have the most “physical rotundity” are omnibus drivers, and they live entirely in the open air. I do not wish to underrate their intelligence; but their conversation is more sententious than epigrammatic, and less philosophic than personal. The agricultural labourer is seldom under cover, and though, poor fellow, he is not rotund, he is unquestionably dull. The man that, in all weathers, runs after the luggage-laden cab in hopes of an odd job, should be a genius, if air and exercise go to make one; but it must be one of a very unpractical kind, or he would not be engaged in that unrepaying pursuit. No. I love doctors, but for the defence of a paradox there is no profession to hold a candle to them, and if they say that an indoor life promotes dullness they will say anything.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF HOLLAND.

In anticipation of the approaching death of his Majesty William III., King of the Netherlands, whose sinking vitality has, for some weeks past, left no doubt of the fatal result, the Congress of the States-General, on April 3, by its powers under the Dutch Constitution, solemnly decreed him to be incapable of reigning. He will be succeeded by his only child, the Princess Royal, Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Marie, who was born at the Hague on Aug. 31, 1880, and whose mother, Queen Emma Adelaide Wilhelmina Theresa, the King’s second wife, is likely to be created Regent, by the States-General, during the minority of the infant Queen. King William III.’s first wife, married in 1839, was Princess Sophia Frederica Matilda, daughter of King William I. of Wurtemberg; but that lady died in June, 1877, leaving no children; and in January, 1879, he married the present Queen, a daughter of Prince George Victor of Waldeck and Pyrmont, and sister to her Royal Highness Helena, Duchess of Albany. Her Majesty is thirty years of age.

Holland became a kingdom in 1806, by order of the Emperor Napoleon I., who placed his brother, Louis Bonaparte, father of Napoleon III., with the title of King, over the new State which had formerly been the Federal Republic of the United Dutch Provinces, and which had been transformed into “the Batavian Republic” at the French Revolution. But in 1810, at the height of his power, Napoleon annexed Holland to the French Empire. After his overthrow in 1814, Prince Frederick of Orange-Nassau, whose ancestors, from the sixteenth century, had been the “Stadholders,” or official Protectors, of the United Provinces, like the William of Orange who became King of England in 1688, returned to Holland and undertook the government with the assent of the Dutch people. The Congress of Vienna, in 1815, decided on uniting Belgium with Holland to form “the Kingdom of the Netherlands” under this Prince; but the Belgians did not like this arrangement, and in 1830 effected a revolution, by which Belgium was made an independent kingdom. Holland has, nevertheless, retained the official title of “Kingdom of the Netherlands”; but this is not much employed in popular usage. It comprises the properly Dutch Provinces, North Holland and South Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, North Brabant, Gelderland, Friesland, Overijssel, Groningen, Drenthe, and Limburg, between the North Sea and the Zuyder Zee, and at the mouths of the Rhine, the Scheldt, and the Ems, with a population of four millions and a half. The late King William III. was born in 1817, son of King William II., his mother being a daughter of Paul I., Emperor of Russia, and succeeded his father in 1849. Holland possesses many valuable colonies in the East Asiatic islands, Java, Sumatra, parts of Borneo and of New Guinea, and the Moluccas; also in the West Indies, and Surinam in South America, with thirty millions of subjects and a large trade. The States-General Parliament consists of a First Chamber, of fifty members delegated by the Provincial Councils, and a Second Chamber, of one hundred Deputies, elected by popular suffrage.

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, in accordance with the Treaty of 1867 and the Constitution of 1868, will now be separated from the dominions of the Crown of Holland, and passes to another branch of the House of Nassau, in the person of Duke Adolph William Charles Augustus Frederick, born July 24, 1817, son of Duke William of Nassau, and his successor as Duke of Nassau in 1839, also bearing the old feudal title of Count Palatine of the Rhine. He is married to a daughter of Frederick, Prince of Anhalt, and has a son, born in 1852, and a daughter who married the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden. Luxembourg is a small State, with a German population of a quarter of a million, on the border of Lorraine; and its position, with the fortress of historical renown, which was garrisoned by German troops, gave it some political and military importance before the war of 1870 between Germany and France. The Luxembourg Chamber of Deputies, on April 8, resolved to accept the Duke of Nassau as Regent until the death of King William of Holland.

The second Special Report of the Irish Land Commissioners with respect to their discharge of the duties imposed on them by Sect. 29 of the Act of 1887 has been issued. The Commissioners say that, as considerable misapprehension appears to exist on the subject, they desire to point out that their functions are confined to the question of prices, and that they are precluded by the Act of Parliament from taking into consideration the question of the yield of various agricultural products. They add that they only call attention to a recognised fact when they say there was a marked rise in certain prices during the year 1888. Mr. Justice O’Hagan felt himself unable to concur in signing the order, or adopting the schedule which it sanctioned, for the reason that, in his opinion, Sect. 29 bestowed upon the Land Commission a larger power than the other Commissioners conceived to be open to them.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The House of Lords was exceptionally full on the Fourth of April. The attendance of Peers was, indeed, larger than it has been since the opening night of the Session. Their Lordships assembled in force to appoint a successor to the late Duke of Buckingham, who had with signal success filled the seat of Chairman of Committees occupied so many years by the late Earl of Redesdale. A surprise was in store. When the Marquis of Salisbury rose, and threw all the force of his personal weight and great influence into the scale in favour of his noble colleague, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who could have imagined the Ministerial candidate for the post (the honorarium for which is £2500 a year) would not be carried by a large majority? There could be no question of the noble Lord's mental capacity and physical fitness for the office. But it was evidently generally felt that an older and more experienced Peer had a stronger claim to the place. Thus, when Earl Granville, with bland, persuasive eloquence, seasoned by a happy turn of humour, recommended his former choice, the Earl of Morley, whose urbanity and businesslike faculty were well known, there was a murmur of approving cheers. Furthermore, the Duke of Abercorn sprang from the Conservative benches, and, whilst emphatically avowing fealty to the Prime Minister, cordially seconded Lord Granville's proposition in an excellently delivered speech, commendably distinct and to the point. The upshot of the division was that Lord Morley was elected by a majority of 18; and Lord Salisbury, as soon as the Lord Chancellor had named the conclusive figures, philosophically concealed his feelings by the studious perusal of a letter.

Should armed burglars be flogged? There was a considerable difference of opinion when the Bill ordaining this form of punishment came before the House of Lords, on the Eighth of April. Earl Granville, Lord Herschell, and Lord Esher favoured a longer term of penal servitude as likely to be a greater deterrent to the use of firearms by burglars. But, in view of the recent increase of this alarming form of crime, the robust advocacy of prompt and severe flogging by Lord Salisbury and Lord Bramwell was not to be wondered at. The measure was referred to a Standing Committee; and it is to be hoped the cat-o'-nine tails may be stringently applied to the backs of the ruthless scoundrels who have been the terror of suburban residents during the past winter.

The Commons were lulled by the sugary eloquence of Mr. Childers, and aroused by a lively debating speech from Mr. Gladstone, on the Fourth of April. The resolution sanctioning the expenditure of £21,500,000 for strengthening the Navy was again before the House; and Mr. Childers, with that serene amiability of tone that robs his criticisms of all sting, moved that "this House sees no reason why provision for the building and arming of ships to be employed in her Majesty's service should be made otherwise than in accordance with the constitutional practice hitherto observed—namely, by annual votes in Committee of Supply." It was in vain, from a polemical point of view, for Lord George Hamilton to plead that the guarantee of the twenty millions odd was necessary for the Admiralty to proceed with the building of the seventy new ships of war. Mr. Gladstone sprang to his feet, and elicited warm cheers from his delighted supporters by the ease with which he quoted Mr. Goschen against Lord George Hamilton, his great point being that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had himself laid down the rule that the national expenditure of the year ought to be defrayed out of the annual income. It was of interest to note the extreme gusto and almost boyish zest with which Mr. John Morley, throwing his head back and beaming with glee, cheered his veteran chief, still upright as a dart, whilst Lord Hartington, wearing his hat well down over his eyes, looked glummer than ever in his corner seat on the front Opposition bench. From behind the Speaker's chair, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Herbert Gladstone looked on at the vigorous trouncing the hale Liberal Leader gave the First Lord of the Admiralty. Another notable incident. From her vantage in the Ladies' Gallery, Mrs. Gladstone bent forward, and gazed at the tall, erect figure of her illustrious husband with as much eagerness as if he were making his maiden-speech. Albeit Mr. Goschen justified the large expenditure on the score of necessity, there was but a comparatively small majority (33) in favour of the Government resolution, there being 125 votes for Mr. Childers's amendment, and 158 against it. The preliminary resolution was ultimately sanctioned; and the Bill to authorise the expenditure of £21,500,000 on the Navy was brought in on Monday, the Eighth of April.

Mr. Ritchie is unquestionably one of the strongest members of the Ministry. The constructive ability and powers of lucid exposition possessed by the stalwart, clear-headed President of the Local Government Board were so conclusively shown by his adroit passing of the County Councils Bill through the House as to greatly enhance his Parliamentary reputation. Characterised by his accustomed common-sense was Mr. Ritchie's recommendation to Mr. Broadhurst of these County Councils as furnishing the best machinery for dealing satisfactorily with such urgent questions as the proper housing of the poor; and similarly sensible was Mr. Ritchie's agreement on the Fifth of April to the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the working of the Vaccination Act—not that he or the Government doubted in the least the efficacy of vaccination, but that it was advisable to authoritatively dispel the erroneous ideas prevalent regarding "one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to mankind."

The Lord Advocate distinguished himself in a similar way on the Ninth of April, when he with exemplary clearness explained to the House the Ministerial Bill adapting the County Councils measure of reform to the wants of Scotland, but disturbing existing organisations for the provision of local self-government as little as possible. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, while objecting to some details of the new Bills, frankly expressed his approval of the spirit of the measures, the cordial reception of which must have been legitimately gratifying to the Government and to the Lord Advocate. The cognate question of Home Rule for Scotland was, on the motion of Dr. Clark, discussed the following evening, Mr. Gladstone as well as Mr. Balfour speaking against the resolution. The Leader of the Opposition preferred to deal with the matter in a practical form, relying on performance rather than promises, when it should be ripe for settlement. By the large majority of 121–200 against 79—was Dr. Clark's motion in favour of a National Parliament for Scotland defeated.

The Easter Recess, welcome to Lords and Commons alike, began for the Upper House on the Eleventh and lasts till the Thirtieth of April; but the Commons' holiday will be far shorter. Meanwhile, the Leader of the House has been consoled for much of his "heckling" by the complimentary dinner given to him at Merchant Taylors' Hall on April the Tenth.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of the nomination of the Ven. R. J. Crosthwaite, Archdeacon of York, to be the Bishop Suffragan of Beverley, in the province of York.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at Windsor Castle from Biarritz on April 3. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove out on the 5th, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill. The Marquis of Salisbury and Sir Julian Pauncefote arrived at the castle and had the honour of dining with her Majesty. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby were also invited. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of the Queen. On the 6th the Queen held a Council, at which were present Viscount Cranbrook (Lord President of the Council), the Duke of Rutland (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster), Viscount Lewisham (Vice-Chamberlain), and the Earl of Limerick (Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard). Her Majesty pricked the list of Sheriffs for England and Wales for this year. After the Council the Duke of Rutland had an audience of the Queen, at which her Majesty pricked the Sheriff for the county of Lancaster. Viscount Cranbrook had an audience of the Queen. The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, arrived at the castle, attended by Miss E. Heron Maxwell. The Queen received on the 6th, with much grief, the mournful intelligence of the death of her Majesty's beloved aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge. The strength of her Royal Highness, who was in her ninety-second year, had been failing for the last few months; but the illness took a fatal turn very suddenly. The Duchess was much beloved by the Queen and all her children, as well as by her Royal Highness's numerous relatives. The Queen, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill and the Honourable Harriet Phipps and the Equerries-in-Waiting, went to London in the afternoon and drove to the residence of the Duchess of Cambridge, at St. James's Palace, where her Majesty was received by the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Teck, and where she paid her last tribute of respect to the remains of her beloved aunt. The funeral of the Duchess is fixed for Saturday, the 13th, and will take place at Kew, where her consort lies buried. A portrait and a memoir of the Duchess are given in the present Number. The Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, and the members of the Royal Household attended Divine



THE NEW GRAND DUKE OF LUXEMBURG,
ADOLPH WILLIAM, DUKE OF NASSAU, COUNT PALATINE OF THE RHINE.

Service in the Private Chapel at Windsor Castle on Sunday morning, the 7th. The Dean of Windsor officiated. This being the birthday of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, visited the Albert Memorial Chapel. The Prince of Wales visited her Majesty on the 8th, and remained to luncheon. The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, attended by Miss E. Heron Maxwell, left the castle in the afternoon for Claremont.

The Prince of Wales, attended by the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt-Wilson, left Marlborough House on April 4 on a visit to Earl and Countess Howe, at Gopsall, Atherston. The party invited to meet his Royal Highness comprised the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Hartington, and Lord Randolph Churchill. The Prince and the other guests of Lord and Lady Howe at Gopsall Hall went by special train on the 5th to Leicester, to attend the races. The stakes named after his Royal Highness, amounting to £12,000, were won by the favourite for the Derby, the Duke of Portland's Donovan. At the railway station the Mayor (Mr. Alderman Ed. Wood) and the Town Clerk (Mr. John Storey) were introduced to his Royal Highness. The streets were crowded and gaily decorated, and both on arriving and departing the Prince was heartily cheered. On the 6th the Prince returned to Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, called at St. James's Palace in the evening to pay a visit of condolence to Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. On Sunday morning, the 7th, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at a special service in the apartments of the late Duchess of Cambridge, at St. James's Palace, at which the Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal officiated. On the 8th the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, visited the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz on their arrival at St. James's Palace, in the evening.

The *Gazette* contains an ordinance by the Queen, declaring that the sisters of the Earl of Portarlington shall henceforth enjoy the title, rank, and precedence which would have been due to them had their father survived his nephew, the late Earl, and thereby succeeded to the title and dignity.

The court-martial on Captain Rice on the stranding of her Majesty's ship Sultan, held at Portsmouth, concluded in the Court finding that no negligence was proved, but that there had been default, insomuch as he had committed an error in judgment, for which the Court adjudged him to be reprimanded.

THE SIYIN CHIN CAMPAIGN IN BURMAH.

The military expedition commanded by Brigadier-General Faunce against the hostile tribes of Chins, in the north-western hill districts of Upper Burmah, setting forth just before Christmas, has performed its service. Siyin, the capital of the Siyin Chin tribes, was taken by our troops on Feb. 4 this year. The Chins, of whom there are three tribes, the Kamhaw, the Siyin, and the Tashon, inhabit this mountainous tract of country. They are a warlike race, the Siyins, by repute, being the bravest; the proverb, at any rate, runs "that one Siyin is a match for any five other Chins." They are certainly plucky fellows, and on several occasions have held their positions with great obstinacy until our troops have got within "rushing" distance of them. A charge, however, has always proved too much for them; but, on the other hand, their "tactics" are peculiar. They take up well-chosen positions, guarding the only possible approach along a very steep hillside, and with a still steeper slope—or even precipice—behind; and, perfectly understanding the value of flank defence, they have almost inaccessible stockades on either side. When the British troops finally "rush" these positions the Chins have vanished, as if by magic, down the densely-wooded precipices, and one cannot then catch a glimpse of them. And so "they live to fight another day," very much to the disappointment of Thomas Atkins, who expects to "cross bayonets" at the end of his charge, but who never even gets a sight of his foe. Of course, in this precipitous country, our troops cannot get the Chins "in the open." The roads are mere goat-tracks over the mountains, and, this being quite an "undiscovered" country, there are no maps to guide the troops in their operations. The Letha range, the grand barrier of the Chin country, is over 8000 ft. in height, and Siyin lies 3000 ft. down its precipitous western slope. It was, however, naturally indefensible, and none being quicker than the Chins themselves to recognise this fact, they made their greatest resistance on the eastern slopes of the mountains; and when our troops moved down from the summit on to Siyin, the Chins, after a slight resistance, set fire to their capital, and retired to the opposite side of the valley. The British force therefore "took" Siyin in flames, as our correspondent attempts to show in the sketch we have engraved. It is by Lieutenant A. H. Luard, of the Norfolk Regiment.

The Chin field-force has also carried out somewhat extensive operations against the Tashon tribe. Fifteen villages have been destroyed, each containing 300 or 250 houses. The Chins offered a stubborn resistance at certain points, about forty being killed and one hundred wounded, while our casualties included one havildar and five sepoys wounded. The troops underwent great fatigue and exposure. The paths traversed were extremely steep and difficult. A report has been received from the Upper Chindwin of a fresh engagement with the Tashon tribe, in which two hundred Chins were killed.

The deaths registered in London during the week ending April 6 were 1572, being 251 below the average in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Our Portraits of the King and Queen of Holland are from photographs by Messrs. Couvée, of the Hague; and that of the young Princess, the future Queen, by M. Kameke; that of the new Grand Duke of Luxemburg, by Löwy, of Vienna.

A marriage is announced to take place shortly between Lord Skelmersdale, eldest son of the Earl of Lathom, and Lady Wilma Pleydell-Bouverie, only daughter of the Earl of Radnor.

It has been officially decided in reference to the Volunteer manoeuvres at Easter that there shall be field-days with regular troops at Dover and Portsmouth, and one exclusively of Volunteers at Eastbourne.

We have received a few of Prang's American Easter cards from Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of 191, Regent-street, who is the sole agent in England for the sale of these charming productions.

A severe thunderstorm passed over the south-west of Devonshire at midday on April 6, when one of the pinnacles of Walkhampton Church, on the fringe of Dartmoor, was shattered. Large blocks of granite and stone fell from the pinnacle through the roof of the church, doing damage to the extent of £400.

There was a great demonstration in Mr. Charrington's Great Assembly Hall, Mile-End-road, on April 8 to promote the movement for supplying the deficiency in the revenues of the London hospitals and dispensaries. The Lord Mayor, who with the Sheriffs, arrived in State, had a most enthusiastic reception.

The eighth free loan exhibition of pictures, organised by the Rev. A. Barnett and his friends, was opened, in rooms built specially for the purpose, in Whitechapel, on April 9, and will remain open until the 28th (Sundays included). The opening ceremony was performed by Professor Herkomer, R.A. The 250 pictures hung include representative works by many eminent English artists.

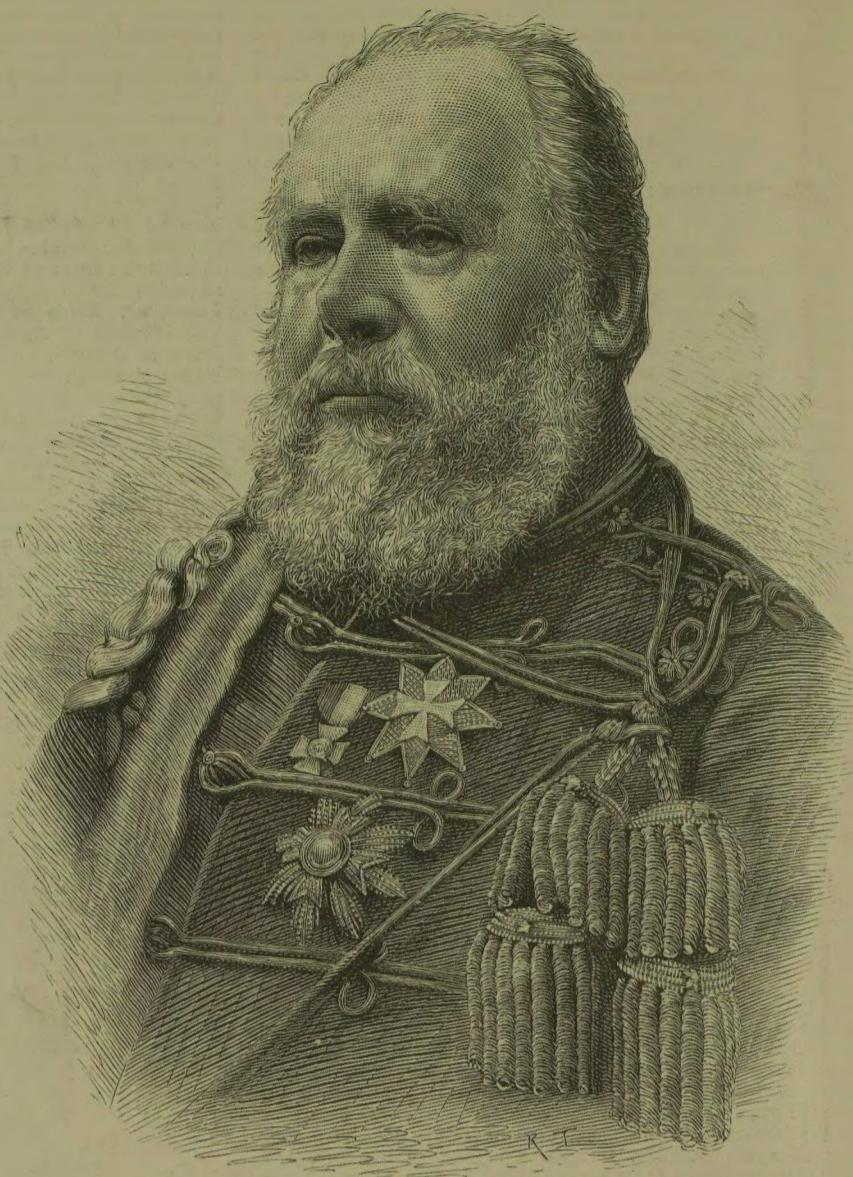
The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the Midland Railway Bill met on April 8 to consider the proposals of the company in regard to the acquisition by them of a recreation-ground at St. Pancras. Several propositions having been made by the company and the London County Council, the Committee decided that, in addition to the whole of the land originally proposed being used for a recreation-ground, the company should also pay £12,000 to the County Council. Mr. Littler, Q.C., on behalf of the St. Pancras Vestry, protested against the decision and the handing of the money to the County Council.

The opening of the new works constructed by the Rickmansworth and Uxbridge Valley Water Company for the supply of that district with water were opened on April 6 by Alderman Sir H. E. Knight, chairman of the company. The supply is obtained from chalk springs by means of an artesian well sunk to a depth of 300 ft. at a bend in the valley of the Colne, whence the water is pumped into a covered service reservoir on a neighbouring hill called the Herongate, 400 ft. above the level of the sea. Owing to the purity of the water no filtration is required, and the reservoir, which is capable of holding a quarter of a million gallons, commands the whole district by gravitation.

On Sunday, April 7, a sermon was preached in aid of the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, by the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, M.A., the Vicar, Chaplain to the Queen, and Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons. The reverend gentleman founded his discourse upon Matt. x. 42, and after an eloquent and practical exposition of the text, commended the interests of the hospital to the sympathy of his hearers, and begged most earnestly for their contributions, particularly annual subscriptions, which were greatly needed to carry on the excellent work done by the charity, to the value of which he could speak from personal knowledge. The collection amounted to £70.



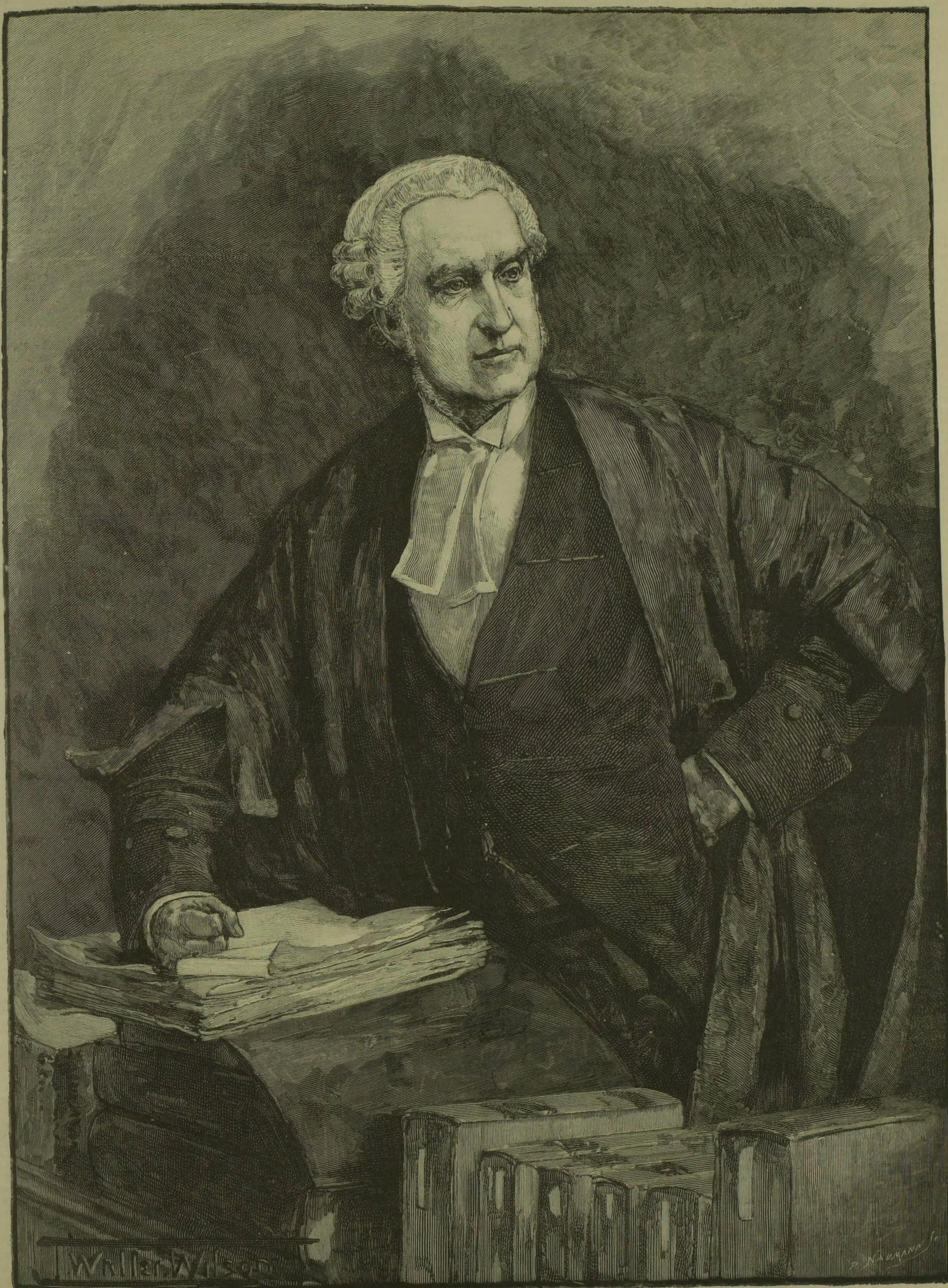
EMMA ADELAIDE WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND (THE NETHERLANDS).



WILLIAM III., KING OF HOLLAND (THE NETHERLANDS).



EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SIYIN CHIN TRIBES, UPPER BURMAH: CAPTURE OF SIYIN.



"Within the period of living memory, the story of Irish misgovernment was one of the blackest pages in the history of the world."

THE PARRELL INQUIRY COMMISSION: SIR CHARLES RUSSELL OPENING THE CASE FOR THE DEFENDANTS.

THE PARRELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

On Tuesday, April 2, the sixty-fourth day of sitting of the Special Commission of Judges, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Archibald Levin Smith, at the Royal Courts of Justice, the case in defence of the eighty-five Irish members of Parliament, and others, connected with the Land League and the National League, was opened by Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., counsel for Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., in a speech continued during several days of that and the following week. This inquiry is not formally a criminal prosecution; but it may be allowable to indicate those persons as "the defendants" against whom a series of "charges and allegations" has been put in by the Attorney-General on behalf of the proprietors of the *Times*, and whose alleged misconduct, since the year 1879, is the subject of judicial investigation, with a view to a Report for the information of Parliament. Sir Charles Russell, on the first day of his address to the Court, after observing that their Lordships had heard the evidence of more than 340 witnesses, including sixteen district inspectors of police, ninety-eight constables, eighteen informers, some of them convicts, five experts, and one priest, said that the accusers were a company, a co-partnership, or a syndicate, owners of the *Times*, which had always shown an unrelenting hostility to the Irish people. The accused were the vastly preponderating majority, a solid body, of the Parliamentary representatives of Ireland; they represented a national movement, and Burke had said, "I defy you to draw an indictment against a whole nation." For ten years past a great revolution, partly social and partly political, had been going on in Ireland. It would be necessary for him to give a retrospect of Irish history, which he proceeded to do, from the Act of Union to our own time, dwelling on the abuses of landlordism, the exaction of excessive rents, the practice of arbitrary evictions, and the misery of the rural population. Every historian, English, Irish, or foreign, agreed that, within the period of living memory, the story of Irish misgovernment was one of the blackest pages in the history of the world. Agrarian crimes and outrages, maintained by secret societies, were the inevitable consequences; and their prevalence in past times, notably in 1848, was far greater than in the more recent period comprised by this inquiry. Sir Charles Russell cited a large collection of statistics, and various contemporary testimonies, in proof of this retrospective view, and in condemnation of the old system of land tenure in Ireland. He then showed the actual distress existing among the Irish peasantry in 1879, from three or four years' bad harvests, and the multiplicity of notices of ejection, from which the Land League undertook to protect the suffering people. He reviewed the characters of its founders and leaders, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Egan, Mr. Biggar, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. William O'Brien, who were not men likely to engage in a criminal conspiracy. Having noticed their proceedings in 1880, with a justification of "boycotting," while he denied that they were guilty of forcible intimidation, or that they ever instigated the perpetration of crimes and outrages, Sir Charles explained the objections of the Land League to Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1881. This brought his third day's speaking to a pause, on Thursday, April 4, when the Court adjourned to Tuesday, the 9th, and on that day his speech was resumed. He commented on the prosecution and imprisonment of Mr. Parnell and others in 1881, their behaviour after the Phoenix Park murders, the formation of the Irish National League in October, 1882, and the Parliamentary elections of 1885; he proceeded to examine the evidence of crimes and outrages until the Court adjourned.

A Skibbereen telegram states that the mackerel fishery off the south-west coast of Ireland is proving a great success at present. Enormous catches of fish are being secured, and the weather is most favourable.

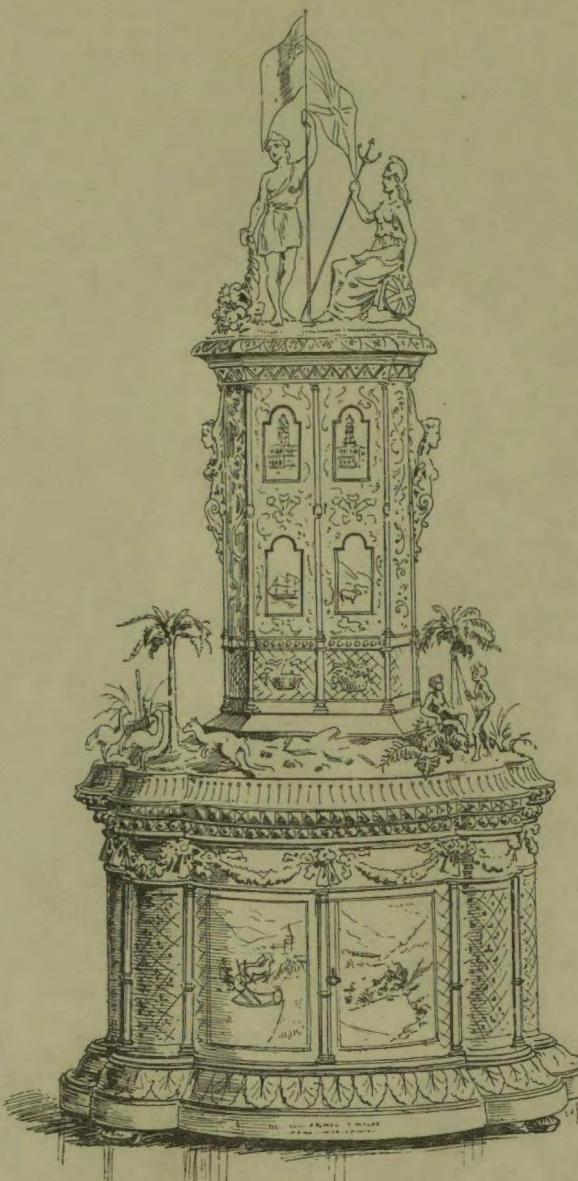
The Duke of St. Albans presided at Nottingham, on April 6, at the first annual meeting of the Notts Branch of the National Association for the Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers; and it was decided to continue the society for another year, and to inform commanding officers by circular of its existence.

The Commander-in-Chief has issued a memorandum to the effect that he is generally satisfied with the reports as to the training of infantry recruits at regimental depots, but that he regrets that oral instruction is but very little pursued. He considers that education thus imparted is of great value to the recruit in assisting him to understand the duties of a soldier, and directs that in future it shall be given at least twice a week. It is to take the shape of short lectures on rudimentary military subjects, given out of doors, and also upon the interior economy of regiments. Whenever opportunity offers the men are also to be marched into the country, and the use of ground for purposes of attack or defence explained to them. His Royal Highness considers that instruction thus given will be of interest as well as of benefit to young soldiers, and orders that the Colonels commanding regimental districts shall frequently be present at the instruction.

Orchids formed the most important feature of the flower show at the Royal Horticultural Society at the Westminster Drill-hall. Baron Schröder's superb collection deservedly received a gold medal. It contained several dendrobiums, among them being the pale yellow heterocarpum, the gamboge Brymerianum, and the newly-certified euosmum leucopetrum, which is white, with a dark crimson patch on the inner part of the lip, and a handsome odontoglossum Wilkleanum, bearing spikes of large pale yellow blossoms dotted with reddish brown. Messrs. F. Sander gained a silver-gilt Banksian medal for their group of orchids, which included a two-leaved oncidium from Montevideo, a beautiful Skinner's cattleya, and a white Costa Rican variety of the sweet tricopilia. Sir Trevor Lawrence received a silver Banksian medal for his display of orchidaceous plants, and a botanical certificate for the bearded catasetum proboscidium, which has a green perianth spotted dark brown and a white lip ornamented with a row of green and another row of white fringe. An elegant restrepia, with light brown sepals and petals dotted dark crimson, with partly dark-red foliage, was similarly certificated. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Blair for the Sutherland odontoglossum from Trentham. Mr. George Frith, of Manningham Thorpe, Bradford, sent a spike of the only white phalaenopsis Schilleri ever imported into Europe. It is a natural hybrid from Manila. Mr. F. G. Tantz earned a silver Banksian medal by a collection of orchids and a first-class certificate for a bright-coloured banner, Miltonia purpurea. Mr. H. M. Houldsworth sent some very large carnations of the palest pink, Souvenir de la Malmaison. Messrs. H. Lane and Son, of Great Berkhamstead, received an award of merit for a crimson rose named Gloire de Margottier. Mr. J. T. Harris, of Tunbridge Wells, showed large red ripe strawberries. A silver medal was awarded to the plants from Kew Gardens, which included several curious aroids and the giant Godwinia from Nicaragua, with a long, very dark maroon spathe. Mr. F. W. Burbidge, curator of the botanical gardens at Trinity College, Dublin, read a paper on daffodils.

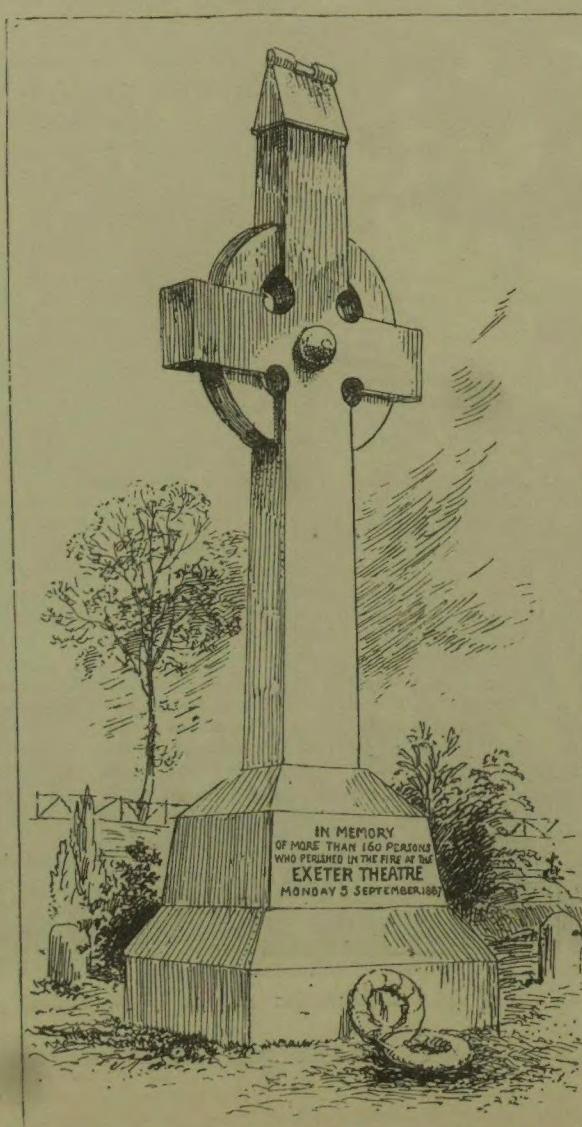
THE SOUTH AUSTRALIA SILVER WEDDING GIFT.

The Silver Wedding gift to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales from the ladies of South Australia is in charge of Sir Edwin Smith, now in London, by whom it was originated;



CASKET OF SILVER WEDDING GIFT TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES FROM LADIES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

and will be presented to her Royal Highness by Lady Smith, introduced by Lady Knutsford, wife of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It consists principally of a large and elaborate casket made of Australian silver, containing a beautiful set of jewellery, a collarette and pendant, and a pair of bangles, of South Australian gold, rubies, and diamonds. The designers and manufacturers both of the casket and of the jewels, Messrs. Stevenson Brothers, of Rundle-street, Adelaide, and George-street, Sydney,



MEMORIAL CROSS ON GRAVE OF THOSE WHO PERISHED IN THE FIRE AT THE EXETER THEATRE, SEPT. 5, 1887.

have the credit of producing, in this instance, the finest silversmith's work yet manufactured in Australia. We give an illustration of the casket, which stands, altogether, 3 ft. 6 in. high, divided into an upper and a lower receptacle, each opened like a small cabinet, by folding doors. The lower part, which is 15 in. high and 19 in. wide, is surmounted by figures of emus and a kangaroo, a native black fellow with his "lubra" or wife, and yuccas, ferns, and semi-tropical Australian plants. One of the lower doors, in a panel artistically chased, presents the view of a corn-field, with a reaping-machine at work, and a church in the distance; the other door shows a well-known scene, the Waterfall Gully. The upper doors have several panels, two of which display, in like manner, the buildings of the Post-Office and Townhall at Adelaide; a flock of sheep, and a steam-ship entering the harbour, are represented on other panels, and baskets of fruit and flowers. At the sides are two winged female figures, in half-relief, their lower part disappearing in clusters of foliage. On the top are the figures of Britannia, seated and wielding the trident, and South Australia, supporting the Union flag and the Australian flag, both gilded, the latter pouring from a cornucopia the varied riches of the colony. The interior of the casket exhibits the shield with the Royal arms, bearing an inscription recording the gift and its date. The jewellery, deposited in the lower part of the cabinet, forms a beautiful set of ornaments for a lady. The collarette has twenty-five large flat links, each set with three rubies and four diamonds; the pendant contains a large central ruby and three other pretty coloured rubies, with seven diamonds. The gold bangles are set with a great number of large rubies and a multitude of diamonds, and the ornamental workmanship is in excellent taste.

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Art Journal* for April contains a paper by Miss Alice Meynell on that interesting young school of English painters whose working ground is the coast of Cornwall, and which is known by the name of one of its favourite haunts, Newlyn. The Newlyn school makes its impression with more and more strength in each succeeding year's Academy, and its influence is spreading rapidly amongst those who do not belong to the little Cornish coterie. Mr. Frank Bramley, whose "Hopeless Dawn" excited so much admiration in last year's Academy, is a prominent member of the school, and Mr. Fred. Hall, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. H. Tuke, and Miss E. Armstrong are names every picture-lover knows how to value. An engraving of Mr. S. J. Solomon's "Niobe" forms the frontispiece to this number, and Mr. John Pettie's "Sword and Dagger Fight," so attractive a feature of last year's Glasgow Exhibition, is also engraved in this issue.

The third issue of the new magazine, *Art and Literature*, contains a beautiful reproduction of a fine photograph of Mr. John Ruskin; a mezzograph after a landscape by Corot; an article on Renaissance Architecture in Italy, profusely illustrated; and another on "Carmen Sylva," the accomplished Queen of Roumania.

One of the most interesting features of this month's *Magazine of Art* is an article by Mr. James Dow on "The Kepplestone Portrait Gallery," where Mr. Macdonald has collected portraits of many of the most famous modern English and Continental artists, many of them painted by themselves. The paper is illustrated with engravings of the portraits of Sir Frederick Leighton, Josef Israëls, John S. Sargent, Luke Fildes, Jules Breton, and George Du Maurier. Another interesting paper is Mr. J. Capper's "Ancient Art in Ceylon," describing the many relics of a lost civilisation that abound there. Mr. William Telbin contributes "The Painting of Scenery" to the "Art in the Theatre" series this month, than whom no better authority on such a subject could be found. A photogravure of Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood's charming "Triumph of Spring" ushers in a very successful April number.

We have received from Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, the eleventh monthly part of a valuable publication, conducted by Mr. S. Bing, the great authority on Japanese art, entitled *Artistic Japan*. The periodical is brought out simultaneously in Paris, and the contributors to the letter-press are both French and English. The plates, which are very numerous, are of great beauty; the reproduction of the delicate colouring of Japanese pictures, porcelain, and decorative designs being most admirable. A "Kakemono" by the Japanese artist, Kōrim, representing red and white poppies on a buff ground, is one of the gems of this number.

The tenth number of Mr. Walery's portrait gallery, entitled *Our Celebrities*, contains an excellent portrait of the lamented Duchess of Cambridge, which we have been permitted to copy. This number also has portraits of Lord Ronald Gower and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, with appropriate sketches of those distinguished persons.

THE FIRE AT THE EXETER THEATRE.

One of the most shocking of those frightful disasters, which have been occasioned by the faulty design of buildings erected for theatrical purposes, with narrow passages and winding staircases from the upper galleries, will be remembered as having taken place at Exeter on the night of Sept. 5, 1887. More than a hundred and sixty lives were lost, the greater part by crowding and suffocation in the frantic struggle to escape from the burning theatre, which was a new structure, at the corner of Longbrook-street and the Great North-road, near the upper end of High-street; the old Exeter theatre being situated in Bedford-circus. A large number of the victims were buried in the Exeter Cemetery, including a brave soldier of the Royal Artillery, Bombardier Scattergood, who lost his own life in heroic efforts to save others, and to whose memory a special tombstone was erected by his comrades in the Exeter Barracks. Our illustration shows the memorial-cross which has been erected in the cemetery over the common grave of those who perished on the same lamentable occasion. It is the work of Mr. Harry Hems, sculptor, of Exeter, and the simplicity of its form, with a certain originality of design, has an impressive effect.

Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell has been elected president of the Shire Horse Society for the next year. The parade of the London Cart-Horse Society is to be held in Regent's Park on Whit Monday.

The Bishop of Gibraltar appeals on behalf of the English community at Marseilles for funds towards the erection of a church, which has long been wanted. The English residents are ready to contribute to the utmost of their power, but cannot defray the entire expense themselves. A sum of £7000 would cover the cost of the site and building, besides establishing a maintenance fund. His Lordship points out that 20,000 British sailors call at Marseilles every year, and that countless travellers pass through it on their way to the Riviera or more distant regions. Subscriptions may be paid direct to Hoare's Bank, 37, Fleet-street; or sent to Mr. Perceval, her Majesty's Consul at Marseilles.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

The death of this venerable Royal lady, the beloved aunt of her Majesty the Queen, in the ninety-second year of her age, occurred on Saturday, April 6, at St. James's Palace, and has placed the Royal family and the Court in mourning.

Her Royal Highness had been the widow, since 1850, of the late Duke of Cambridge, who was the youngest son of King George III. and Queen Caroline, and was brother to King George IV., King William IV., the Duke of York, the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria; the Duke of Sussex; and the Duke of Cumberland.

The late Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, the youngest daughter of Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, was married in 1818 to H.R.H. Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, K.G., for some time Viceroy of Hanover, seventh son of King George III., by whom her Royal Highness had one son, George William Frederick Charles, present Duke of Cambridge, born March 26, 1819, and two daughters, Princess Augusta Caroline Charlotte Elizabeth Mary Sophia Louisa, consort of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, G.C.B., and Princess Mary Adelaide Wilhelmina Elizabeth, Dame Chevalier of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, married, in 1866, to his Highness the Prince and Duke of Teck, G.C.B.

All the late Duchess's children were born at Hanover. An interesting glimpse of the domestic relations of the Duke and Duchess is obtained in a letter written in 1829 by Princess Elizabeth, Dowager Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, to her brother, King George IV. The Princess had just lost her husband, and had gone to Hanover for a change of scene. "I must add a few lines," says the Princess, "on the amiable conduct of the dear Duchess of Cambridge, who has been all goodness to me, and considers me in everything. She improves upon one the more one knows her. Her conduct as both wife and mother is very delightful. As the first, she would be very wrong could it be otherwise, for Adolphus adores her, and she is perfectly sensible of the treasure she possesses in her most perfect and excellent husband. The children are charming and the greatest comfort to me. Their extreme happiness and ignorance of all cares is quite a blessing to me, and soothes my broken heart."

The Duke died in 1850, and in announcing his death to the Duchess Dowager of Saxe-Coburg the late Prince Consort wrote:—"Every day brings us fresh sorrow. Yesterday evening the good Duke of Cambridge died; the family is plunged in grief." The loss was very deeply felt by her Majesty the Queen, who held in affectionate regard her uncle and the aunt whose loss she is now to mourn.

Cambridge Cottage, Kew, was the favourite residence of the Duke and Duchess, and it was from here that Princess Mary was married in 1866. The Queen attended the ceremony in Kew Church, and afterwards lunched with the late Duchess at Cambridge Cottage. Of late years the Duchess occupied a suite of rooms in the Ambassador's Court, St. James's Palace. The Queen rarely came to London without visiting the Duchess, and paid her last visit to her a few days before leaving England for Biarritz.

The funeral of her Royal Highness took place on Saturday, April 13, in the family vault in Kew churchyard, and was attended by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Teck, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and other Princes.

The Portrait is from a photograph by M. Walery, 164, Regent-street, photographer to the Queen.

Mr. Charles Lister Shand has been appointed Judge of the Liverpool County Court District, in succession to Judge Thompson, who retired recently.

The Lord Mayor, who attended in State, presided on April 6 at a public meeting held in Grosvenor Hall, Pimlico, to initiate the movement for a workshop and factory penny-a-week collection throughout the Metropolis in connection with the Hospital Saturday Fund.

At the Carlisle Diocesan Conference recently, Bishop Harvey Goodwin proposed to establish a "Rest Fund" for the clergy of the diocese. Nearly the whole of the £3000 which was asked for has now been subscribed; the Bishop heading the list with a donation of £500.

The anniversary festival of the British Orphan Asylum, which has its head-quarters at Slough, was held on April 3 at the Hôtel Métropole, Viscount Curzon, M.P., presiding. Subscriptions and donations amounting to £1640 were announced, including ten guineas from the Queen, twenty-five guineas from the chairman, and 200 guineas from Mr. Algernon Gilliat.

The British Association is to meet this year at Newcastle-on-Tyne, under the presidency of Professor Flower, president of the Zoological Society—the session beginning on Wednesday, September 11. A meeting of the local general committee in connection with the visit of the Association was held on March 4, in the hall of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Mr. Thomas Richardson, the Mayor of the city, presided. Professor Merivale, the hon. secretary, reported that the necessary arrangements for the reception of all attending the meeting were being made. Nearly the whole of the £4000 required had been subscribed or guaranteed. The Townhall was chosen for the presidential address.

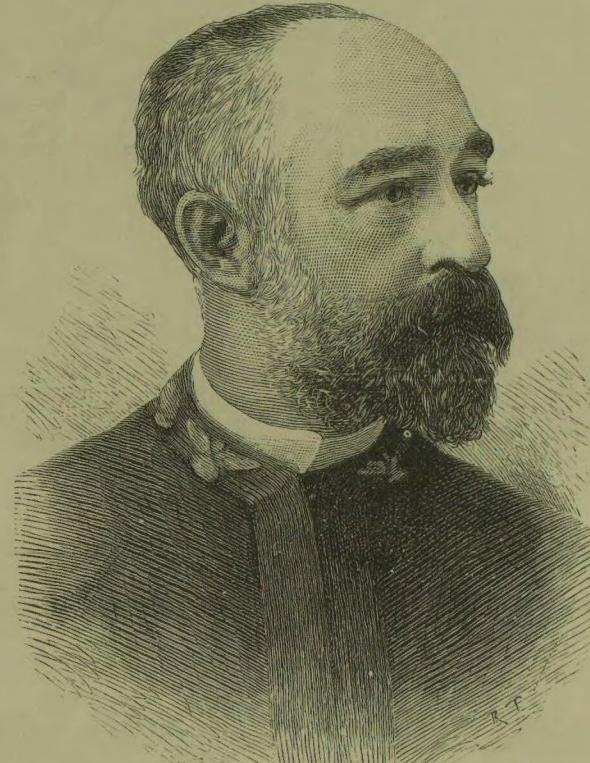
At the residence of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, Grosvenor-square, a bazaar under the title of "An Eastern Dream," representing a scene from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," was opened on April 5, on behalf of the parish church buildings of St. Mary's, St. George's-in-the-East. The scene represented the Court of Haroun al Raschid, the room being decorated with soft draperies, lanterns, and Oriental flowers, and the stalls consisted of Eastern awnings supported on bamboo rods. The room in which the bazaar was held lent itself well to this style of adornment, and the stallkeepers being attired in suitable Oriental costumes the result was very pleasing. Among the stallholders and their assistants were Lady George Hamilton, the Marchioness of Tavistock, Lady Balfour of Burleigh, Lady Edward Cavendish, and the Dowager Countess of Aberdeen. Mrs. Gladstone sold flowers and also photographs of the leader of the Liberal party; Lady Fanny Marjoribanks disposed of Oriental jewellery, and the Countess of Aberdeen had a stall for photographs and frames. At fixed times Haroun al Raschid held his Court, and an entertainment, consisting of singing, dancing, and conjuring was given before him. In the drawing-room dramatic and musical entertainments were given at intervals under the direction of Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott. Among the artistes who gave their services were Mrs. Bernard-Beere, Miss Jessie Bond, Miss Lucile Saunders, Miss Marie Douglas, Miss Nellie Levey, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Ernest Birch, Mr. Lawrence Kellie, and Mr. Watts Russell. Mr. Henry Bird played selections on the organ during the afternoon. The bazaar remained open next day. In consequence of the appreciation expressed by those who visited the bazaar, and the general desire that it should be made accessible to a larger number of persons, the bazaar was open on the 8th, 9th, and 10th, at a uniform charge of five shillings, including all concerts and entertainments.

HOME MISSIONS IN EAST LONDON.

The annual meeting of the Bishop of London's East London Church Fund was held on April 8, at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. There was a very large attendance. The Chairman, in briefly addressing the meeting, said that the objects of the mission were in every way admirable. The old district which came within the scope of the mission when first founded some few years ago by the then Bishop of Bedford, Dr. Walsham How, comprised a population of over 800,000. The mission had now taken over 106 new parishes in the rural deaneries of Islington, Shoreditch, Enfield, and St. Sepulchre, containing 700,000 people, mostly very poor. There were thus upwards of 1,500,000 of souls to be cared for by the mission, which was in great need of increased funds to enable the existing staff—comprising 192 clergymen, lay-readers, mission women, nurses, and other workers—to be largely increased. The eighth annual report, read by the secretary, the Rev. E. S. Hilliard, showed that in 1888 the fund had an income of £13,000, and that it had now become necessary for the Bishop of Bedford and his council to ask for £20,000 a year at least. The adoption of the report was moved by the Bishop of Bedford, and seconded by the Rev. W. H. Barlow, Vicar of Islington. The Rev. Wilfrid Richmond, late Warden of Glenalmond, next delivered an address on the subject of "The Sweating System," and was followed by Mr. Howard Vincent, M.P., who dealt with "Crime." Both speakers spoke of the value of the great spiritual and moral work being carried on by the East London Church Fund, and showed its beneficial effects in counteracting the many evils due to overcrowding and competition in the East-End of London. After a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman and to the various speakers, a collection was made, and the proceedings closed with the Benediction, pronounced by the Bishop of Bedford.

THE LATE CAPTAIN SCHOONMAKER, U.S.N.

In the terrible destruction of the German and American naval squadrons by a hurricane in the bay of Apia, in the Samoa Islands, on March 16, one of the most valuable lives lost was that



THE LATE CAPTAIN SCHOONMAKER, UNITED STATES NAVY,
WHO PERISHED IN THE HURRICANE AT SAMOA.

of Captain Cornelius Schoonmaker, of the United States Navy, commander of the corvette *Vandalia*, who perished with four of his officers and forty of his crew. He was a member of an old Dutch family, settled in America over two hundred years, and resided at Kingston, in the State of New York. This gallant officer distinguished himself in the American Civil War, especially in Admiral Farragut's attack on the Confederates in Mobile Bay, where the skill with which Schoonmaker handled the guns of the Manhattan contributed more than anything else to the Federal victory on that occasion. It was Captain Schoonmaker, also, who rescued the crew of the United States exploring steamer *Polaris*, in the Arctic Regions.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, with many of the county landlords and leading dairy-farmers, were present on April 6, at the Grosvenor Museum, Chester, at an inaugural lecture of a series on practical butter-making, given by Miss Maidment, teacher to the Cheshire County Dairy Institute.

Her Majesty's sloop *Basilisk* was launched at Sheerness on April 6. She has a displacement of 1170 tons, and will be armed with eight 5-inch breech-loading guns and eight machine guns. Her machinery will be of the triple expansion type, developing 2000-horse power.

The claim of the National Debt Commissioners in connection with the Cardiff Savings Bank, made at the instance of the Treasury Solicitor, is £170,000. The number of claims received against the bank up to the present is 3400, representing a total of £30,000, in addition to which there is a claim from the Treasury for money deposited and interest.

A very successful concert, organised by Countess Cadogan, Mrs. Butterworth, the Hon. Mrs. Stephen Coleridge, Mrs. Eyton, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. F. B. Blake, and the Countess of Shrewsbury and Talbot, in aid of the organ fund of Holy Trinity Church, Chelsea, was given on April 8 at Lord Cadogan's house in Cadogan-place. The tickets sold at a guinea and half a guinea each, and as the spacious salons were closely packed, the organ fund should receive substantial help. At the entrance, Miss Ellen Terry managed to make everybody buy a programme, thus amassing £15 in a very short time for the good of the cause. The performers included Mdme. Giulia Valda, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Orlando Harley, Mr. Avon Saxon, and Mrs. Elgood. Miss Audrey Campbell and Miss Bessie Byrne recited, Mons. Johannes Wolff rendered some violin solos, Signor Ducci was at the pianoforte, and Herr Schubert played the violoncello. Among those present were Lady Kensington, Lady Augustus Fitz-Clarence, Mrs. Archibald Forbes, Lady Colin Campbell, Lady Walker, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Moreton Frewen, and Mrs. Jerome.

COMPLETION OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

This wonderfully high structure of iron pillars and girders is erected opposite the Trocadéro, three hundred yards from the south bank of the Seine, near the Pont de l'Éna, in front of the International Exhibition at Paris; its base forming a vast semi-circular archway over the main road from the bridge to the Exhibition. It is named after M. Gustav Eiffel, the eminent French engineer, by whom it was designed and constructed; a native of Dijon, born in 1832, who has built some of the greatest railway bridges and viaducts in France, Portugal, and Hungary. The tower is nearly 1000 ft. high; while the height of the Washington Monument, in America, a stone obelisk, is only 555 ft.; Strassburg Cathedral, 465 ft.; Cologne Cathedral, 521 ft.; the Great Pyramid of Egypt, 478 ft.; St. Peter's, at Rome, 435 ft.; and St. Paul's, London, 404 ft. In the construction of the Eiffel Tower, which consists of more than five thousand pieces of iron, the quantity of that metal used is 6500 tons, and the cost has been about five million francs, being certainly more than £200,000 sterling. It is expected to be made useful for meteorological and astronomical observations.

On Sunday afternoon, March 31, M. Eiffel hoisted the tricolour upon the highest point of the tower, which was then complete, except certain portions of the interior. M. Eiffel accompanied the members of the managing staff of the works in their ascent to the top, along with some of the Municipal Councillors of Paris. The moment the flag rose into the air fireworks were let off, and a salute of twenty-five guns was fired. M. Contamin, engineer-in-chief of the metallic constructions attached to the Exhibition, then made a speech, and explained that the tower was a monument worthy of the grand date of 1789 which it commemorated. M. Berger, Municipal Councillor, drank the health of M. Eiffel, of the workmen of the tower, and of the Municipal Council. On descending, M. Tirard, accompanied by M. Alphand, Director of Public Works, was found awaiting the party. After refreshments had been served, M. Eiffel made a speech expressing his satisfaction at having that day hoisted the tricolour upon the highest building in the world. Its completion was a credit to the energy and constructive skill of Frenchmen. M. Tirard eulogised the tower and buildings, apologised for having formerly opposed its erection, and concluded by announcing that M. Eiffel would be made an officer of the Legion of Honour.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS BY THE BRIGHTON AND SOUTH-COAST RAILWAY.

The availability of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the Easter holidays, and this will also include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. On Thursday a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by a special day service and also by the fixed night service.

On Good Friday and Easter Sunday day trips, at greatly reduced excursion fares, will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards and Hastings. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

Extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace Grand Sacred Concert on Good Friday, and the special holiday entertainments on Easter Monday and following days.

On Easter Monday special cheap excursions will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

For the Volunteer Review at Eastbourne, on Easter Monday, special trains will be run from London, Brighton, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, &c.

On Easter Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

The Brighton Company announce that their West-End Offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

At Oxford on April 8, Judge Cooke, Q.C., was presented with a handsome silver bowl and four silver filigree dessert-dishes by the Registrars of the courts included in the Circuit No. 36, on his retirement from the office of County Court Judge.

A "point-to-point" race between members of the House of Commons was run on April 6 from Hillesdon, near Chatwode, to Mr. G. Warr's farm near Buckingham, and was won by Mr. Cyril Flower on The Sultan. Objection has been raised to The Sultan, on the ground that the horse had been previously ridden in races, and was, therefore, disqualified by the prescribed conditions. A farmers' race over the same course followed, and was won by Mr. Millington's Stockwood.

Mr. Henry Froude, of the Oxford University Press Warehouse, has issued the Book of Common Prayer in several forms bound with the new edition of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern." The sheets of the hymns were not delivered by Messrs. Clowes and Sons until April 3, and the process of binding was executed with such rapidity that the books were ready on the 4th. All the Prayer Books have been specially printed on thinner paper than that hitherto used, to counteract the considerable increase in the thickness of the hymns, and by this means the bulk of the bound volumes is hardly affected by the 163 additional hymns. The cheap shilling issue (Ruby 32mo.) contains a reproduction of Holman Hunt's Pre-Raphaelite picture, "The Light of the World," which has been produced by a photographic process, under the advice and direction of the artist himself.

Pale pink coral is to be fashionable again this season, says the *Lady's Pictorial*, and certainly there is nothing prettier in its way than this delicate substance. With black it is peculiarly effective, and it can be utilised in such a variety of ways that it will prove a most useful revival to milliners and dressmakers, as well as to jewellers and others. Buttons, for instance, of palest pink coral look charming on black or green gowns, and branches of coral or coral aigrettes make admirable millinery ornaments. Nearly everybody has some article of this beautiful substance laid by, and they will do well to seize this opportunity of utilising them; for if the predictions of fashion-mongers are to be believed there is no form in which coral will not be worn during the season. Another jewellery novelty of the season is the gemmed hair-band, which resembles the fine hair-nets worn by ladies to keep their fringes in order. These are made to exactly match the wearer's own hair, and interwoven with them are single brilliants or pearls, so that the natural hair has the appearance of being *poudré* with gems, while the owner of the jewels need have no fear of losing them. The effect is exceedingly pretty, and as jewellery is to be so much worn this season these *bandeaux* will be very welcome adjuncts of the toilet.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION: RECEPTION ON THE COMPLETION OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.



1. The Collision.

2. Rescuing Survivors from the Bowsprit.

3. The Princesse Henriette—showing Damage to her Bow.

COLLISION OF MAIL STEAM-BOATS BETWEEN DOVER AND OSTEND.

FROM SKETCH AND DESCRIPTION SUPPLIED BY ONE OF THE CREW OF THE PRINCESSE HENRIETTE.

The disaster that occurred on Friday, March 29, by the collision of two steam-boats between Dover and Ostend, causing much loss of life, has been mentioned in this Journal. On that morning, the Belgian mail-steamer the Comtesse de Flandre left Ostend at a quarter-past ten, the usual time, with twenty-three passengers and seven mail-bags on board. At noon, the Princesse Henriette started from Dover for Ostend. There was no wind, and the sea was calm; but, on account of the dense fog, both steamers had their regulation lights burning, and their steam-whistles were going every minute. At about twenty minutes past one, between the Ruytingen and green lights off Dunkirk, they approached each other, their line of route being such that they would always pass in sight of one another. But in their neighbourhood, though invisible, owing to the fog, was a fishing-smack, said to be No. 267, of Gravelines, which frequently sounded her foghorn, and it was in the endeavour to steer clear of this boat that the two steamers came into collision. The shock was frightful. The Princesse Henriette struck the Comtesse de Flandre obliquely on the starboard side, immediately behind the paddle-box, and cut right into her middle. With the inrush of water the boilers exploded, and completed the catastrophe. The fore part of the vessel, with the heavy engines, went to the bottom at once, but the aft part floated. The captain was never seen

again; but a boy and a sailor who were on the bridge with him either jumped, or were blown by the explosion, on to the aft-deck, and to this fact they owe their lives. The chief officer, M. Vermeulen, who was at breakfast in his cabin, and all the men in the lower decks perished. Mr. Henry Algernon Osborn, and two Belgian gentlemen, M. Florent Goosens, of Antwerp, and M. Creutzen, of Liège, were swept away and drowned. Every effort was made by the crew under the command of the remaining officers to save the lives of the other passengers. The Comtesse de Flandre carried four small boats; one of these was lowered, and, together with those launched from the Princesse Henriette, succeeded in rescuing the unfortunate people who had leaped or had been forced into the water. The passengers on board the Princesse Henriette were thrown into the utmost alarm by the collision; but, on perceiving that their vessel was safe, devoted themselves to assisting the survivors of the accident. Prince Jérôme Bonaparte and his aide-de-camp, an old naval officer, were the last to leave the wreck. The Prince's valet died of exhaustion, after being taken out of the water. M. Vandekerckhove, first officer of the Princesse Henriette, succeeded in climbing on to the deserted stern of the Comtesse de Flandre, and rescued several items of the Prince's luggage. After having waited till all hope of finding any other survivors was gone, the

Princesse took the wreck in tow until she was relieved by the Ostend tug-boat; but before it could be brought into the harbour the wreck sank in deep water, just opposite to the Casino, where it lay invisible even at low tide. The news quickly spread through the town, and before daylight an anxious crowd assembled on the pier and quays to learn the worst. When it became known that out of the crew of twenty-four souls eleven had perished—the captain, mate, first, second, and third engineers, five stokers, and one sailor—and that four of the twenty-three passengers had lost their lives, while two or three, at least, were seriously injured, great sympathy was felt for the bereaved relatives of the victims; especially for Madame Vermeulen, widow of the first officer, who was only married last January. All the members of the ship's crew who lost their lives were Ostend men; each has left a widow, and, in many cases, a young family. Several of the dead bodies have been washed ashore near Gravelines. Mr. Osborn, of Shefford, Bedfordshire, one of the passengers drowned, was on his way home from Cologne, accompanied by his brother and his son. A Belgian lady, Mdlle. Schindeler, of Antwerp, was severely crushed, and lies in a precarious condition. The King of the Belgians, and her Majesty Queen Victoria, then at Biarritz, kindly sent messages of sympathy to the survivors.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

Seldom, if ever, has there been brought together in this country so representative an exhibition of the works of the French Romanticists as that now to be seen at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries (New Bond-street). The period of which "mil-huit-cent-trente" was the starting-point witnessed in France a revival of art and letters of which the rest of Europe was sooner or later to feel the force. In literature the struggle between the Romanticists and the Classicists brought to the front some of the most distinguished men whom the country ever produced; and art, and even science, were not slow in bearing witness to the progress of modern ideas. It is only with one branch of art—that of painting—that we are concerned here, and if we have not the claims of the rival schools brought before our eyes, we have the evidence of the works by which the Romanticists won their well-deserved triumphs. Of Delacroix, who in a way was the leader of the revolt against himself, there are only two specimens, "Le bon Samaritain" (99), a work rich in colour and instinct with life; and a sketch for the well-known "Barque de Don Juan" (100), which is one of the glories of the French School in the Louvre collection. On the other hand, Diaz, the naturalised Spaniard, who started as a somewhat servile follower of Delacroix, is represented, in extraordinary strength, by no less than twenty-two pictures, of which at least half-a-dozen are perfect gems. In figure-pieces as in landscapes Diaz showed a marvellous sense of colour, which he heightens or lowers without ever marring the harmony of his scheme; and, besides this, he appreciated beauty whether in women or Nature for its own sake. In the "Fortune-Teller" (1), the "Cupid and Adonis" (7), and "Figures with Dog" (17) we see how strong the Italian influence of Correggio and others was upon him long after he had broken with the traditions of the classical school; whilst the exquisite transparency of the "Pool in the Forest of Fontainebleau" and "The Forest Glades" through which one seems to follow the footsteps of the fading light, attest the hold which the new school had taken of him. Of the Ecole de Fontainebleau, as originally constituted, all three members—Corot, Rousseau, and Jacque—are adequately represented. From the first-named there is an early work (24), a small landscape with figures and boat thoroughly Dutch in its treatment both of atmosphere and objects. The interval which separates this work from such *chefs d'œuvre* as the "Landscape" (43), with the distant bridge, the silvery "Birches" (44) swaying in the breeze, the "Coucher du Soleil" (36), and the like, is a considerable one, but the artist's halting-points are well indicated by his numerous works. Daubigny (the elder) is the only other French artist who is represented at this exhibition in anything like equal profusion; but Rousseau, the most natural of all French modern artists, may be seen to advantage in the "Old Oak" (76), the "Rift in the Cloud" (73) and in a lovely landscape (78) with cows and figures. Of the eight works of J. F. Millet, "The Wood-Sawyers" (85) will perhaps recall the more popular idea of the artist's style; but in the "Shepherdess" (83) underneath a clump of trees and in "La Bergère" (86) we have instances of that simple yet subtle work and thought by which this extraordinary artist was distinguished. Charles Jacque is represented by four works, of which "The Coming Home" (113) expresses the strong feeling for Nature aroused by Constable and translated into French art: an influence to which even the veteran Georges Michel willingly submitted himself, as shown in the "Storm" (105) and "Far and Near" (184). Our space permits us only to mention the names of the other painters whose works are so well represented in this collection. They include Constant Troyon, Jules Dupré, Adolphe Hervier, Antoine Vellon, Adolphe Monticelli, and, less completely, Jules Breton and Gustave Courbet. Scarcely belonging to this school, if not in active opposition to its teaching, are Ingres, Meissonier, and Gérôme; and it is interesting to have at hand, as works of reference, pictures from their easels. The most important, Gérôme's "Rex Tibicen" (196), which gained for its painter the *médaille d'honneur*, seems hard and flat beside the other works in the room; but in the leer and the sneer of the sage of Ferney, whose bust stands above the Royal flute-player (Frederick the Great), one gets a pleasant touch of humour. The Dutch Romanticists include the three Maris—Jacobus, the eldest and strongest, whose work in many cases recalls that of Constable; Matthys, "the fine gold of Dutch painting"; and Willem, "the silvery." To these should be added Roelofs, Mauve, Bosboom, and the melancholy Josef Israels, whose variations on the theme of the sorrows and simple-joys of the poor are grouped in pleasant association. We ought not to conclude without a word in praise of the admirable hanging of this collection. French artists have, it is true, a unity of purpose and colour which our painters would do well to imitate; and this quality Messrs. Dowdeswell bring out by the skilful grouping of each man's works.

At the Hanover Gallery (47, New Bond-street), which is wholly devoted to works by foreign artists, the chief interest will be centred in Meissonier's masterpiece, "1814," so often described, so well known by engravings, and never before exhibited in its original state. It must always rank among the marvels of painting, whatever one's personal views may be of the aims of the "miniaturist" school. The figure of Napoleon, baffled yet resolute, as he wends his way back over the snow-covered roads of Champagne, is full of character and dignity. Behind him come a crowd of his Generals forming his staff—many of whom it is easy to recognise, from their faces as well as their uniforms. To the left, the retreating columns, with silent drums, are hurrying onwards across the snow, but still preserving order, as if their Emperor's eye was still there to control and his voice ready to call them once more to stand at bay. The solidity and roundness with which men and horses are alike depicted in a canvas measured by inches is the secret of M. Meissonier's art, of which we may search far, and wide to find a finer specimen. The other important work in the gallery belongs to a very different school or type. M. Ed. Farasyn is a Belgian by birth and teaching, and his large picture of "The Emigrants" has brought him into well-deserved notice here and in the Colonies, as well as in Continental capitals. The scene of the picture is on the quay at Antwerp—the emigrant ship Pennland lying alongside with her steam getting up. The wharf is crowded with parting and speeding guests, and many points of real but simple pathos are touched with reverence and care. It may not, perhaps, be admitted that the artist has achieved a masterpiece of the highest order, but at the same time he has not undertaken a task beyond his powers, and what he has done is done conscientiously and skillfully. Among the other works of interest may be mentioned half-a-dozen or more by a very clever French artist, Louis Chevallier, who has a singularly effective way of treating the country—as modified by art—in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris. He has a wonderful sense of summer effect, and his colour, although a little crude in places, is distinctive, and his sense of sunshine complete. Henri Levy's "Excommunication," Roybet's "Vengeance," Alfred Stevens's "Voie Lactée," Berne-Bellecour's "In the Trenches," and others,

although, for the most part, previously exhibited elsewhere, come upon us with almost the sense of novelty, and can well bear to be seen again.

We shall have the opportunity next month of judging for ourselves the quality and taste of American decorative work. An exhibition is to be held in New Bond-street in which examples of recent work by the Society of American Etchers and the Associated Artists of New York will be brought together. The latter are famous especially for their needle-woven tapestries, embroideries, &c. In addition to these the following art-manufacturers have consented to contribute specimens of American work:—Mr. J. Lafarge (stained glass), Messrs. Low, of Chelsea, Massachusetts (tiles, &c.), the Rookwood Pottery of Cincinnati, Ohio (faience), Mr. J. Williams, of New York (wrought ironwork), Messrs. Tandell (reproductions of old leather-work), and many others.

Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Co. have recently published a "History of French Painting, from its Earliest to its Latest Practice," by Mrs. C. H. Strahan; illustrated with reproductions of sixteen representative pictures. The increasing interest felt in this country with regard to French art, especially painting, has called for such a book; and this one will prove invaluable to the student as a book of reference. Besides tracing the progress of French painting through all its stages, from the fifteenth century to the present time, it presents a concise and clear history of the official side of French art, of the establishment of the Academy, and of all the various art institutions; also chronological lists of the chief works produced, and of the medals and other honours won by many of the artists. The greater part of the book is occupied by the art and artists of the nineteenth century; but Poussin, Claude of Lorraine, Lesueur, Lebrun, Watteau, Greuze, David, and many other famous artists, are treated as their reputation deserves. Unlike most histories of the kind, this one treats of the living masters, as well as the dead; it relates many interesting facts relating to Rosa Bonheur, Gérôme, Meissonier, their manner of study and their works. It is, perhaps, unavoidable in any treatise on modern French painting that much space be devoted to the "Impressionists" whose influence has had a revolutionary effect on Parisian art. The reproductions of paintings which furnish the illustrations to this work are excellent. The frontispiece, after Meissonier's "Le Portrait du Sergent"; "Une Collaboration," by Gérôme; "La Saison d'Octobre," by Bastien Lepage; and "Le Premier Chant de Noël," by Bouguereau, are especially worthy of notice.

SINGLE-BOOK AUTHORS.

Everyone has heard of "Single-speech Hamilton," who, after making a famous oration, fell into silence and insignificance. In literature it has frequently happened that an author's fame rests upon a single work, although he may have written several; and one poem, and that not necessarily a long one, has more than once sufficed to fix a man's reputation among the poets of his country.

Samuel Pepys published in 1690 his "Memoirs relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England"—a work which is now as dead, or nearly so, as if it had never been written. But Pepys' "Diary," which he wrote in cipher for his own amusement, and never intended for publication, is a standard work; indeed, it is something more, for many a standard work is seldom read, and no lover of entertaining literature allows the dust to collect on the gossip with which Pepys fills his pages. It would be impossible, I suppose, for any man who is not a "painful student" of dramatic literature to read the thirty plays produced by Colley Cibber, the Poet Laureate, whom Pope would fain have doomed to an unenviable immortality. But Cibber, although an execrable poet, was no dunce, and his "Apology for his own Life," which Horace Walpole called inimitable, and Swift sat up all night to read, contains, in addition to its personal interest, some of the best criticisms on the stage to be found in the language. The book, which has been lately reprinted by Mr. Nimmo, in a fine *édition de luxe*, proves that "King Colley" is entitled to live by his own right, and not simply through Pope's satire. If ever author could claim to be the man of one book it is Colley Cibber.

Defoe was one of the most voluminous of English writers, and there is ability in all he wrote; but although the scholar may be acquainted with several of his singularly realistic works, the ordinary reader knows Defoe as the author of "Robinson Crusoe," just as he knows Bunyan by his "Pilgrim's Progress." Few men have written more than Richard Baxter; but "The Saints' Rest" is the book with which his name is popularly associated. Clarendon's place in English literature is also due to one book, the "History of the Rebellion," in the brilliant light of which his minor works are extinguished. Gibbon's miscellaneous works are published in five volumes, and his highly characteristic autobiography is a most entertaining narrative; but it is his famous history which for more than a century has made Gibbon's name familiar, not only to readers of the work, but to those who have never opened a volume of it. Still more emphatically is Robert Burton, author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," a man of one book; and the authors of "Peter Wilkins" and of the "History of Selborne" have a celebrity of the same kind. So far as English readers are concerned, Cervantes, too, is the writer of one book; and that the most famous romance ever written. It is useless of scholars to remind us of his plays and his "Novelas Exemplares." It is as the immortal author of "Don Quixote" that we remember Cervantes; just as we remember Le Sage by "Gil Blas," although that famous story occupies but two volumes out of the fifteen which contain the author's works. Bishop Butler wrote some famous sermons, closely packed with thought; but he also wrote "The Analogy of Religion," the greatest theological work published in the last century, and it is that volume which keeps—and may we not say always will keep?—his memory green. And although I do not forget that Adam Smith published "Philosophical Essays" and the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," I am sure it is through the "Wealth of Nations" that his name is a familiar one to modern readers. James Boswell wrote an "Account of Corsica," of which he was not a little proud; but who reads it in our day? and who does not read his "Life of Johnson," the most instructive and entertaining biography in the language? Next to that book for literary interest must be placed Lockhart's "Life of Scott," and, despite his Spanish ballads, his "Adam Blair" and "Reginald Dalton," and his reputation as editor of the *Quarterly*, Lockhart's fame, it is safe to say, would grow fainter and fainter as the years run on were it not for the delightful biography of his great father-in-law.

And here I must make a digression to observe that the fame of many splendid writers, unlike those already mentioned, is due to the copiousness and variety of their genius. Shakespeare's rank at the head of all men of letters does not depend upon any one play; nor, indeed, upon half-a-dozen. Milton's reputation does not rest solely upon "Paradise Lost"; how can it, when what, for convenience' sake, we call his minor poems are of such transcendent beauty? Neither Dryden nor Pope, Swift nor Goldsmith, lives on the reputation of one work;

and I am sure that the greatest English poet of our century has not attained that eminence by "The Excursion," any more than Lord Tennyson has reached his high place among the poets by the "Idylls of the King." And it is to several romances, and not to one, that Scott owes his rank as the prince of novelists. Take a room full of men blessed with some taste and culture, and probably not three of them would agree in preferring any single Waverley to all the rest. One might choose "The Antiquary," another "Guy Mannering," "Old Mortality," or "The Heart of Midlothian." "The Bride of Lammermoor" would have its advocates, I am sure; so would "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Rob Roy," "Quentin Durward," "Redgauntlet," and "Waverley" itself, of which Goethe said that it might be "set beside the best works that have ever been written in this world." Moreover, if there were a boy in the room one may be certain that he would give his vote in favour of "Ivanhoe." And there is a similar variety and quality of merit in Dickens and Thackeray. "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Dombey and Son," "The Tale of Two Cities"—here, to go no further, is room for choice and for taste; and how many readers, I wonder, prefer "Vanity Fair" to "The Newcomes" and to "Esmond"?

"Revenons à nos moutons." The man of one book leads by a natural sequence to the poet of one poem. It must be admitted that poets who have knowingly exercised this restraint, and having done one thing well have been content to do no more, are rare indeed, if they can be said to exist at all. The passion for verse, if a man has once felt it, will not let him alone; but, just as we have seen how many a prose writer, having written several books, lives solely by the merit of one, so good poetry being a daintier production than prose, it need not surprise us that a verseman, having done one thing rich and rare, should fail, in spite of many efforts, to succeed a second time. For my illustrations of this truth I will not go farther back than the last century. Mr. Saintsbury, a good critic, praises Dr. Young's "Satires" and his "Last Day"; but his praise, I fear, will fall upon deaf ears, for now Young, who also wrote several plays, would be almost unknown were it not for "Night Thoughts," and even that once popular poem is known to the modern reader chiefly by extracts. I wonder if any reader of this paper has gone steadily through the nine books which form that striking work. Blair's "Grave," a much shorter poem, written in the same serious vein, is remarkable for originality and pregnancy of thought, and it is remarkable, too, as being the only poem which the author is known to have composed. Tickell wrote several poems, which, if they ever had any life, died with him; but the death of his friend Addison inspired a very genuine strain of poetry which will be always read with pleasure. Of Kit Smart, the mad poet, Johnson said, "I did not think he ought to be shut up. He insisted on people praying with him, and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as anyone else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen, and I have no passion for it." The poems written by Smart when he was sane, are, as it has been observed, quite worthless. After his mind was estranged, however, he wrote one poem, "The Song to David," by which, as Mr. Humphrey Ward truly says, "he deserves to be not only remembered, but remembered as a poet who for one short moment reached a height to which the prosaic muse of his epoch was wholly unaccustomed." Mr. Ward adds that when an edition of Smart's poems was published after his death, this piece, the only one deserving preservation, was omitted on the plea that it afforded "a melancholy proof of the recent estrangement of his mind." A "Life of Smart" (1795), prefixed to Anderson's "British Poets," is before me, and the words quoted are to be found in it; but it would seem that they refer to some pieces printed with the "Song to David," for on the next page the biographer states that that poem would have been inserted, but a copy could not be found. And he adds—"The slight defects and singularities of this neglected performance are amply compensated by a grandeur, a majesty of thought, and a happiness of expression in several of the stanzas." Mr. Ward is, therefore, not quite correct in saying that "it is only in our day that attention has been recalled to the single poem by which Smart deserves to be remembered." This, however, is not the place for criticism, and already my space is exhausted. In conclusion, therefore, I will mention, with but a word or two of comment, three or four more poets whose reputation rests upon a single poem. William Tennant wrote a variety of verses, including translations from the German; yet Professor Minto is justified in saying that the author of "Anster Fair" is "an extraordinary instance of a single-poem poet." So is Charles Wolfe, whose "Burial of Sir John Moore" is one of the best poems of its class; so is Mrs. Barbauld, whose lovely lines on "Life" are dear to many readers; and so is Blanco White, whose magnificent sonnet on "Night" Coleridge thought the finest in the language—"at least," he added, "it is only in Milton and in Wordsworth that I remember any rival."

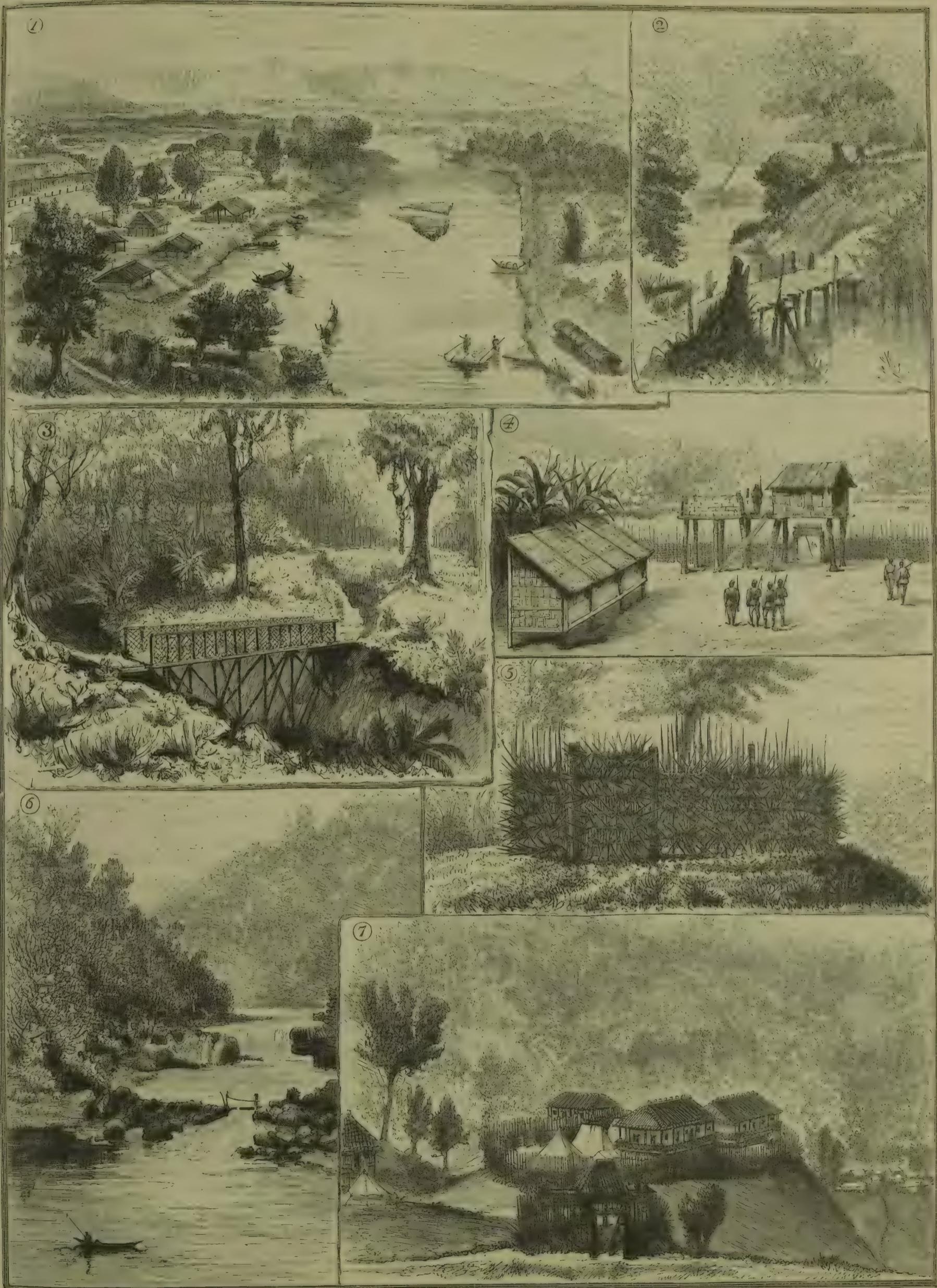
J. D.

THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION.

We have recently described the small military expedition sent by the British Indian Government from Calcutta, by sea, across the north-eastern part of the Bay of Bengal, to Chittagong, and up the Kurnaphuli river, for the purpose of chastising the hostile Looshai tribes, in the region of hills and forests to the south of Assam and to the west of Upper Burmah. It was announced on March 28 that the expeditionary force had commenced its return. The troops have destroyed Howsata's village, the inhabitants of which were concerned in the murder of Lieutenant Stewart, and the operations may now be considered at an end. We are favoured with some Sketches by Lieutenant L. W. Shakespeare, of the 1st Gorkhas, representing the scenery at Demagiri and Rangamatti, on the Kurnaphuli river, the bamboo bridges constructed for the passage of the troops over smaller streams, and the stockades erected for the protection of their encampments on the march up to Burkul. The spot where Lieutenant Stewart was killed last year is twelve miles from Rangamatti, among the hills seen in the background of one of these Views.

The whole of the library which belonged to the late General Gordon has been presented by Miss Gordon to the Southampton Free Library, together with a portrait of the hero of Khartoum.

Messrs. Barclay and Fry have erected new printing works at The Grove, Southwark-street, on the top of which is a clock showing the time on a dial four feet in diameter, of stout copper. The work was entrusted to Mr. J. W. Benson, clock-maker to the Queen, Ludgate-hill, London, who has made a clock specially suited to the building. This firm is well known in South London, having erected, among others, clocks at Messrs. Peak, Frean's, Bermondsey; Surrey Cricket Club, Kennington Oval; Holy Trinity Church, Upper Tooting; and have now in course of construction one for the Rev. C. E. Brooke, St. John the Divine, Vassal-road, Brixton. All the latest improvements have been introduced. Mr. Benson has also fixed a similar clock for Messrs. Mitchell and Beasley, of the North Kent Brewery, at Plumstead, but this shows time on an illuminated dial and strikes on 2 cwt. bell.



1. Rangamatti, from the Circuit House.

2. A Bamboo Bridge.

5. Bamboo Stockade on the Kurnaphuli River.

6. The Demagiri Pool, on the Kurnaphuli River.

3. First Bridge out of Demagiri.

7. The Demagiri Stockade, from the Signalling Station.

4. Interior of Bamboo Stockade, for Encampment of Troops on March to Burkul.

CLEOPATRA:

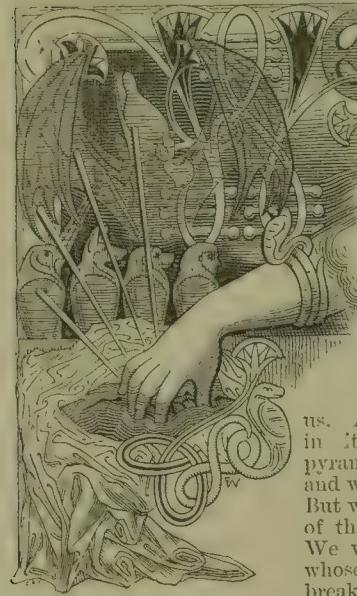
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

OF THE TOMB OF THE DIVINE MENKA-RA; OF THE WRITING ON THE BREAST OF MENKA-RA; OF THE DRAWING FORTH OF THE TREASURE; OF THE DWELLER IN THE TOMB; AND OF THE FLIGHT OF CLEOPATRA AND HARMACHIS FROM THE HOLY PLACE.



stood within a small arched chamber, paved and lined with great blocks of the granite stone of Syene. There before us — hewn from a single mass of basalt shaped like a wooden house and resting on a sphinx with a face of gold — was the sarcophagus of the divine Menka-ra.

Awed we stood and gazed, for the weight of the silence and the solemnity of that holy place seemed to crush us. Above us, cubit over cubit in its mighty measure, the pyramid towered up to heaven and was kissed of the night air. But we were deep in the bowels of the rock beneath its base. We were alone with the dead, whose rest we were about to break; and no sound of the murmuring air and no sight of life came to dull the awful edge of solitude. I gazed on the sarcophagus: its heavy lid had been lifted and rested at its side. Around it the dust of ages had gathered thick, and there in the dust was the stamp of human feet. Then I trembled, for I knew that I looked on the footprints of that forefather of mine who, generations gone, last of living men, had visited this holy place. Long had he been gathered to Osiris, and yet there in the powdered dust was the press of his dead foot.

"See," I whispered, pointing to a writing, daubed with pigment upon the wall in the sacred symbols of ancient times.

"Read it, Harmachis," answered Cleopatra, in the same low voice; "for I cannot."

Then I read: "I, Rameses Miamun, did, in my day and in my hour of need, visit this sepulchre. But, though great my need and bold my heart, I dared not face the curse of Menka-ra. Judge, O thou who shalt come after me, and, if thy soul be pure and Khem be utterly distressed, take thou that which I have left."

"Where, then, is the treasure?" she whispered. "Is that sphinx-face of gold?"

"Even there," I answered, pointing to the sarcophagus. "Draw near and see."

And she took my hand and drew near.

The lid was off, but within the depths of the sarcophagus lay the painted coffin of the Pharaoh. I blew the dust from it with my breath and read that which was written thereon. And this was written:—

"Pharaoh Menka-ra, the child of Heaven."

"Pharaoh Menka-ra, Royal Son of the Sun."

"Pharaoh Menka-ra, who didst lie beneath the heart of Nout."

"Nout, thy Mother, wraps thee in the spell of Her holy name."

"The name of thy Mother, Nout, is the mystery of Heaven."

"Nout, thy Mother, gathers thee to the number of the Gods."

"Nout, thy Mother, breathes on thy foes and utterly destroys them."

"O Pharaoh Menka-ra, who liveth for ever!"

"Where, then, is the treasure?" she asked again. "Here, indeed, is the body of the divine Menka-ra; but the flesh even of Pharaohs is not gold, and if the face of this sphinx be gold how may we move it?"

For answer I bade her stand upon the sphinx and grasp the upper part of the coffin while I grasped its foot. Then, at my word, we lifted, and the lid of the case, which was not fixed, came away, and we set it upon the floor. And there in the case was the mummy of the Pharaoh, as three thousand years before it had been laid. A large mummy it was, and somewhat ungainly. Nor was it adorned with a gilded mask, as is the fashion of our day, for the head was wrapped in cloths yellow with age, which were made fast with pink flaxen bandages, whereunder were pushed the stems of lotus-blossoms. And on the breast, wreathed round with lotus-flowers, lay a large plate of gold closely written over with sacred writing. I lifted up the plate, and, holding it to the light, I read:—

"I, Menka-ra, the Osirian, aforesome Pharaoh of the Land of Khem, who in my day did live justly and ever walked in the path marked for my feet by the decree of the Invisible, Who was the beginning and is the end, speak fram my tomb to those who after me shall for an hour sit upon my Throne. Behold, I, Menka-ra, the Osirian, having in the days of my life been warned of a dream that a time will come when Khem shall fear to fall into the hands of strangers, and her monarch shall have great need of treasure wherewith to furnish arms to drive the barbarian back, have out of my wisdom done this thing. For it having pleased the protecting Gods to give me wealth beyond any Pharaoh who has been since the days of Horus—thousands of cattle and geese, thousands of camels and asses, thousands of measures of corn, and hundreds of measures of gold and gems; this wealth have I used sparingly, and that which remains have I bartered for precious stones — even for emeralds the most beautiful and largest that are in the world. These stones, then, have I stored up against that day of the need of Khem. But because as there have been, so there shall be, those who do wickedly on the earth, and who, in the lust of gain, might seize this wealth that I have stored, and put it to their uses. Behold, thou Unborn One, who in the fullness of time shall stand above me and read this that I have caused to be written, thus have I stored the treasure: even among my bones. Therefore, O thou Unborn One, sleeping in the womb of Nout, this I say to thee! If thou indeed hast need of riches to save Khem from the foes of Khem, fear not and delay not, but tear me, the Osirian, from my tomb, loose my wrappings and rip the treasure from my breast, and all shall be well with thee; for this only do I command, that thou dost replace my bones within my hollow coffin. But if the need be passing and not great, or if there be guile within thy heart, then the curse of Menka-ra be on thee! On thee be the curse that shall smite him who breaks in upon

the dead!* On thee be the curse that follows the traitor! On thee be the curse that smiles him who outrages the majesty of the Gods! Unhappy shalt thou live, in blood and misery shalt thou die, and in misery shalt thou be tormented for ever and for ever! For, Wicked One, there in Amenti shall we come face to face!"

"And to the end of the keeping of this secret have I, Menka-ra, set up a Temple of my Worship, the which I have built upon the eastern side of this my House of Death. To the hereditary High Priest of this my Temple shall it be made known from time to time. And if any High Priest that shall be do reveal this secret to another than the Pharaoh, or Her who wears the Pharaoh's crown and is seated upon the throne of Khem, accursed be he also. Thus have I, Menka-ra, the Osirian, written. Now to thee, who, sleeping in the womb of Nout, yet shall upon a time stand over me and read, I say, judge thou! and if thou judgest evilly on thee shall fall this the curse of Menka-ra, from which there is no escape. Greeting and farewell!"

"Thou hast heard, O Cleopatra," I said solemnly; "now search thy heart; judge thou, and for thine own sake judge justly."

She bent her head in thought.

"I fear to do this thing," she said presently. "Let us hence."

"It is well," I said, with a lightening of the heart, and bent me to lift the wooden lid. For I, too, feared.

"And yet what said the writing of the divine Menka-ra? 'twas emeralds, was it not? And emeralds are now so rare and hard to come by! Ever did I love emeralds, and never can I find them without a flaw."

"'Tis not a matter of what thou dost love, Cleopatra," I said; "'tis matter of the need of Khem and of the secret meaning of thy heart, which thou alone canst know."

"Aye, surely, Harmachis; surely! And is not the need of Egypt great? There is no gold in the treasury, and how can I defy the Roman if I have no gold? And have I not sworn to thee that I will wed thee and defy the Roman; and do I not swear it again—yea, even in this solemn hour, with my hand upon dead Pharaoh's heart? Why, here is that occasion wherof the divine Menka-ra did dream. Thou seest it is so, for else had Hatasu or Rameses or some other Pharaoh drawn forth the gems. But no; they left them to this hour because the time was not yet come. Now it must be come, for if I take not the gems the Roman will surely seize on Egypt, and then there will be no Pharaoh to whom the secret may be told. Nay, let us away with fears and to the work. Why dost look so frightened? Having pure hearts, naught is there to fear, Harmachis."

"Even as thou wilt," I said again; "for thee it is to judge, since if thou judge falsely on thee will surely fall the curse from which there is no escape."

"So, Harmachis, take Pharaoh's head and I will take his—Oh, what an awful place is this!" and suddenly she clung to me. "Methought I saw a shadow yonder in the darkness! Methought that it did move toward us and then straightway vanish! Let us be going! Didst thou see naught?"

"I saw naught, Cleopatra; but mayhap it was the Spirit of the divine Menka-ra, for ever does the Spirit hover round its mortal tenement. Let us then be going; right glad shall I be to go."

She made as though to start, then turned back again and spoke once more.

"'Twas naught—naught but the mind that, in such a house of Horror, doth body forth those shadowy forms of fear it dreads to see. Nay, I must look upon these emeralds indeed: if I die, I must look! Come—to the work!" and stooping, she with her own hands lifted from the tomb one of the four alabaster jars, each sealed with the graven likeness of the heads of the protecting Gods, that held the holy heart and entrails of the divine Menka-ra. But in these jars was nothing found, save only what should be there.

Then together we mounted on the sphinx and drew forth with toil the body of the divine Pharaoh, laying it on the ground. Now Cleopatra took my dagger, and with it cut loose the bandages which held the wrappings in their place, and the lotus-flowers, that had been placed therin by loving hands three thousand years before, fell down upon the pavement. Then we searched and found the end of the outer bandage, which was fixed in at the hinder part of the neck. This we cut loose, for it was fast glued. This done, we began to unroll the wrappings of the holy corpse. Setting my shoulders against the sarcophagus, I sat upon the rocky floor, the body resting on my knees, and, as I turned it, Cleopatra unwound the cloths; and awesome was the task. Presently something fell out; it was the sceptre of the Pharaoh, fashioned of gold, and at the end thereof was a pomegranate cut from a single emerald.

Cleopatra seized it and gazed thereon in silence. Then once more we went on with our dread business. And ever as we unwound, other ornaments of gold, such as are buried with Pharaohs, fell from the wrappings—collars and bracelets, models of sistra, an inlaid axe, and an image of the holy Osiris and of the holy Khem. At length all the bandages were unwound, and beneath we found a covering of coarsest linen; for in those very ancient days the craftsmen were not so skilled in matters pertaining to the embalming of the body as now they are. And on the linen was written in an oval, "Menka-ra, Royal Son of the Sun." This linen we could in no wise loosen, so firm it held to the body. Therefore, faint with the great heat, choked with mummy-dust and the odour of spices, and trembling with fear of our unholy task, wrought in that most lonesome and holy place, we laid the body down, and with the knife ripped away the last covering. First we cleared its head, and now the face that no man had gazed on for three thousand years was open to our view. It was a great face, with a bold brow, yet crowned with the Royal uræus, beneath which the white locks, stained yellow by the spices, fell in long, straight wisps. Not the cold stamp of death, and not the slow flight of three thousand years, had found power to mar the dignity of those shrunken features. We gazed thereon, and then, made bold with fear, stripped the covering from the body. There at last it lay before us, stiff, yellow, and dread to see; and on the left side, above the thigh, was the cut through which the embalmers had done their work, but it was sewn up so deftly that scarce could we find the mark.

"The gems are within," I whispered, for I felt that the body was very heavy. "Now, if thy heart fail thee not, must thou make an entry to this poor house of clay that once was Pharaoh," and I gave her the dagger—the same dagger which had drunk the life of Paulus.

"It is too late to ponder," she answered, lifting her white and beauteous face and fixing her blue eyes all big with terror upon mine own. She took the dagger, and with set teeth the Queen of this day plunged it into the dead breast of the Pharaoh of three thousand years ago. And even as she did so, from the opening to the shaft where we had left the eunuch there came a groaning sound! We leaped to our feet, but heard no more, and through the opening the lamp-light still streamed down.

"It is naught," I said. "Let us make an end."

Then with much toil we hacked and rent the hard flesh open, and even as we did so I heard the knife-point grate upon the gems within.

Cleopatra plunged her hand into the dead breast and drew forth somewhat. She held it to the light, and gave a little cry, and life the most beauteous emerald that ever man beheld. Perfect it was in colour, very large, without a flaw, and fashioned to a scarabæus form, and on the under side was the oval, inscribed with the divine name of Menka-ra, Son of the Sun.

Again, again, and yet again she plunged in her hand and drew from Pharaoh's breast great emeralds bedded there in splices. Some were fashioned and some were not; but all were perfect in colour, without a flaw, and in value priceless. Again and again she plunged her white hand into that dread breast, till at length all were found, and there were one hundred and forty and eight of such gems as are not known in the world. And the last time that she searched she brought forth not emeralds, indeed, but two great pearls, wrapped in linen, such as never have been seen. And of these pearls more hereafter.

So it was done, and all the mighty treasure lay glittering in a heap before us. There it lay, and there, too, lay the regalia of gold, the spiced and sickly-scented wrappings, and the torn body of white-haired Pharaoh Menka-ra, the Osirian, the ever-living in Amenti.

We rose, and a great awe fell upon us, now that the deed was done and our hearts were no more upborne by the rage of eager search—so great an awe, indeed, that we could not speak. I made a sign to Cleopatra. She grasped the head of Pharaoh and I grasped his feet, and together we lifted him, climbed the sphinx, and placed him once more within his coffin. On him I piled the torn mummy-cloths and on them laid the lid of the coffin.

And now we gathered up the great gems, and such of the ornaments as might with ease be carried, and these I hid, as many as I could, within the folds of my robe. And those that were left did Cleopatra hide upon her breast. Heavily laden with the priceless treasure, we gave one last look at the dreadful, solemn place, at the great sarcophagus and the sphinx whereto it rested, whose gleaming face of awful calm seemed to mock us with its everlasting smile of wisdom. Then we turned and went from the tomb.

At the shaft we halted. I called to the eunuch, who stayed above, and methought that a faint mocking laugh answered me. Too smitten with terror to call again, and fearing that, should we delay, Cleopatra would surely swoon, I seized the rope, and being strong and quick, mounted by it and gained the passage. There burnt the lamp; but the eunuch I saw not. Thinking, surely, that he was a little way down the passage, and slept—as, in truth, he did—I bade Cleopatra make fast the rope about her middle, and with much labour drew her up. Then, having rested a while, we moved on with the lamps to seek for the eunuch.

"He hath been stricken with terror and, leaving the lamp, hath fled," said Cleopatra. "O ye Gods! who is that seated there?"

I peered into the darkness, thrusting out the lamps, and this was what their light fell on—this, at the very dream wherof my soul sickens! There, facing us, his back resting against the rock, and on either side his hands splayed upon the floor, sat the eunuch—dead! His eyes and mouth were open, his fat cheeks dropped down, his thin hair yet seemed to bristle, and on his countenance was frozen such a stamp of hideous terror as well might turn the beholders' brain. And lo! fixed by its hinder claws, even to his chin, hung that mighty bat which, flying forth when we entered the pyramid, vanished in the sky, but which, returning, had followed us to its depths. There it hung upon the dead man's chin, slowly rocking itself to and fro, and we could see the fiery eyes shining in its evil head.

Aghast, utterly aghast, we stood and stared at the hateful sight; till presently the bat spread his huge wings and, loosing his hold, sailed to us. Now he hovered before Cleopatra's face, fanning her with his wings. Then with a scream, like a woman's shriek of fury, seeking his violated tomb, the accursed Thing fluttered on and vanished down the well into the sepulchre. I fell against the wall. But Cleopatra sank in a heap upon the floor and, covering her head with her arms, she shrieked till the hollow passages rang with the echoes of her cries, that seemed to grow and double and rush along the depths in volumes of shrill sound.

"Rise!" I cried, "rise and let us hence ere the Spirit shall return to haunt us! If thou dost suffer thyself to be overwhelmed here in this place lost art thou for ever!"

She staggered to her feet, and never may I forget the look upon her ashy face or in her glowing eyes. Seizing lamps, with a rush we passed the dead eunuch's horrid form, I holding her by the hand. We gained the great chamber, where was the sarcophagus of the Queen of Menka-ra, and traversed its length. We fled along the passage. What if the Thing had closed the three mighty doors? No; they were open, and we sped through them; the last only did I stay to close. I touched the stone, as I knew how, and the great door crashed down, shutting us off from the presence of the dead eunuch and the Horror that had hung upon the eunuch's chin. Now we were in the white chamber with the sculptured panels, and now we faced the last steep ascent. Oh, that last ascent! Twice Cleopatra slipped and fell upon the polished floor. The second time—'twas when half the distance had been done—she let fall her lamp, and would, indeed, have rolled down the slide had I not saved her. But in doing thus I, too, let fall my lamp, that bounded away into shadow beneath us, and we were in utter darkness. And perchance about us, in the darkness, hovered that awful Thing!

"Be brave!" I cried—"O love, be brave, and struggle on, or both are lost! The way, though steep, is not far; and, though it be dark, scarce can we come to harm in this straight shaft. If the gems weight thee, cast them away!"

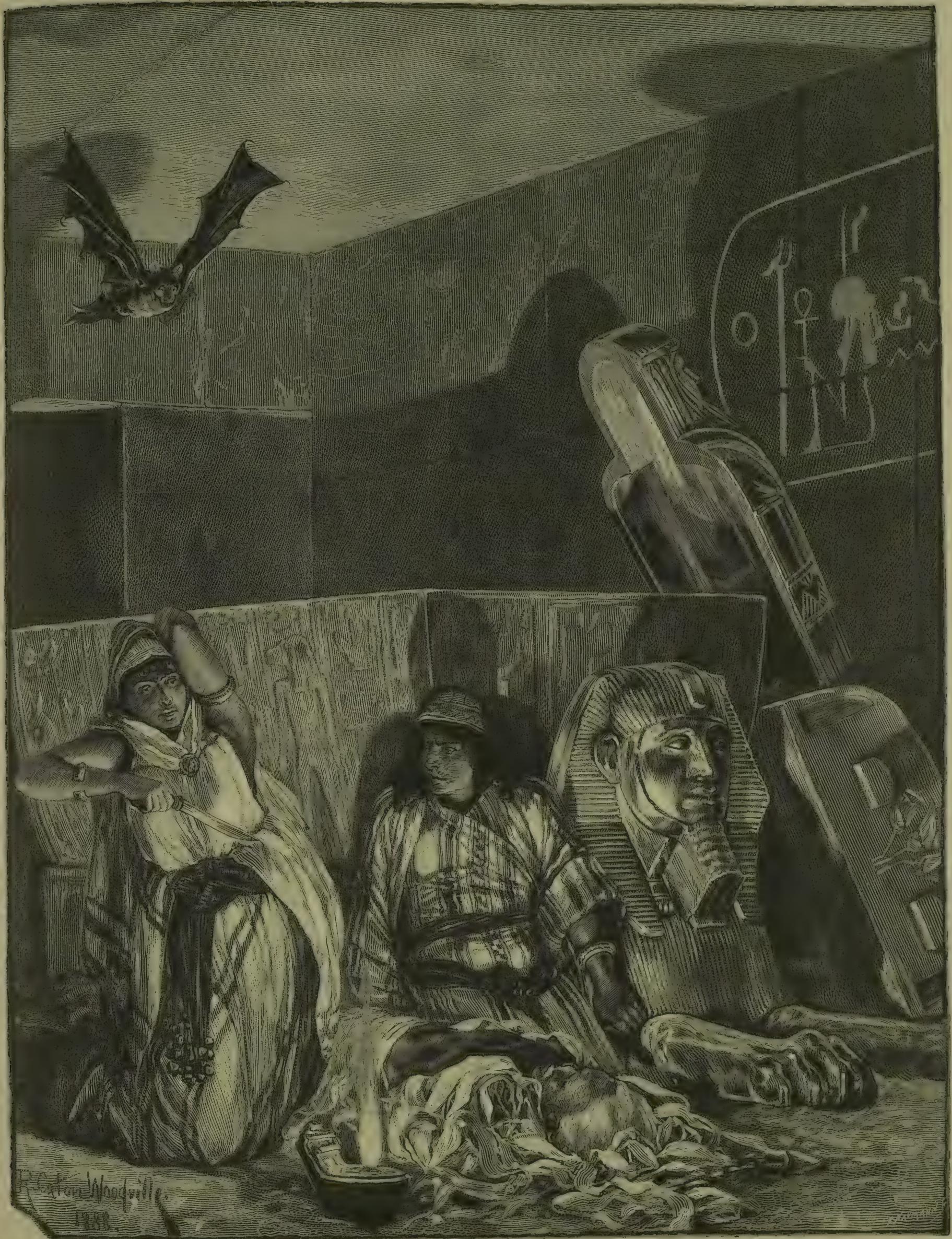
"Nay," she gasped, "that will not I; this shall not be endured to no end! I die with them!"

Then it was that I saw the greatness of this woman's heart; for in the dark, and notwithstanding the terrors we had passed and the awfulness of our state, she clung to me, and clambered on up that dread passage. On we clambered, hand in hand, with bursting hearts, till there, by the mercy, or the anger, of the Gods, at length we saw the faint light of the moon, creeping through the little opening in the pyramid. One struggle more, now the hole was gained, and, like a breath from heaven, the sweet night air played upon our brows. I climbed through, and, standing on the pile of stones, lifted and dragged Cleopatra after me. She fell to the ground and then sank down upon it motionless.

With trembling hands I pressed upon the turning stone. It swung to and caught, leaving no mark of the secret place of entry. Then I came down and, having pushed away the pile of stones, turned to Cleopatra. She had swooned, and notwithstanding the dust and grime upon her face, so pale it was that at first I believed she must be dead. But placing my hand upon her heart I felt it stir beneath; and, being spent, I flung myself down beside her upon the sand, to gather up my strength again.

(To be continued.)

* It must be remembered that the ancient Egyptians held the dead in greater awe and sanctity than the living. After death the body was still visited by the soul, and they looked forward to its personal resurrection. Hence their care as to its embalming and the stupendous works which they raised as tombs.—ED.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

"It is too late to ponder," she answered, lifting her white and beauteous face and fixing her blue eyes all big with terror upon mine own. She took the dagger, and with set teeth the Queen of this day plunged it into the dead breast of the Pharaoh of three thousand years ago.

FROM DRYDEN TO GRAY.

Dr. Johnson's best literary work is to be found in the book of his old age—"The Lives of the Poets"—written to accompany a collection of their poems. It is full of interesting literary matter, of sagacious criticism, and also of a criticism which displays an utter incapacity to appreciate poetry of the rarest order. The man who could find the dictum of *Lycidas* "harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing," and who writes contemptuously of Collins, may be an admirable judge of Dryden and of Pope, but had, it is evident, no ear for the finer harmonies of verse. Indeed, the full title of the work—"The Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets, with Critical Observations on their Works"—shows either that Johnson did not fully understand what he had agreed to do, or that he was content to follow servilely the judgment of the booksellers at whose request he undertook the work. That the latter was not wholly the case we know, for Yalden, Blackmore, Watts, and Pomfret were admitted into the collection at his request, while such "eminent English poets" as Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Spenser were not admitted, and he did not ask that they should be. Taking Johnson's work, however, as we find it, we must admit, with Matthew Arnold, that the best of the lives form a first-rate piece of literature, and that "a student cannot read them without gaining from them, consciously or unconsciously, an insight into the history of English literature and life." It is to be feared, however, that he will also gain something less agreeable, and that is a most melancholy impression of the mass of English poetry in the first half of the last century.

Dryden, an incomparable satirist, or to be compared only with his successor, Pope, was also a splendid didactic and rhetorical poet. He died in 1700, and Pope took possession of his seat by general consent, although such insignificant versifiers as Eusden and Colley Cibber filled successively the Laureate throne. To praise Pope in a short sketch like this would be as idle as to blame him. His consummate wit, his satirical genius, and his ear for smooth couplets, gave him the topmost place in his own age, and in his special province of verse he holds that place still. Swift, the greatest intellect of the Queen Anne men, and probably of the century, wrote a large quantity of verse, some of it doggerel, some of it disgusting, and some abundantly clever. Therefore he is placed among the poets, and his life is written by Johnson; but it may be safely affirmed that not ten lines of genuine poetry are to be found in the whole body—and a bulky body it is—of the Dean's rhymes. Addison, one of our most delightful humourists and a master of prose style, is also accounted "an eminent poet" with scarcely more right to the title, and yet the biographies of these two famous men are so excellent that one cannot regret the error. Prior, Gay, and Thomson, Collins, Young, and Gray deserve critical attention at Johnson's hands; but the reader of English poetry who has only such a general acquaintance with the line of poets as may be gleaned from any competent anthology, will find in the "Lives" a number of poets whose names even are unknown to him. He may console himself with the fact that they belong to men who wrote verses but could not write poetry, and that he loses little, if anything, from his ignorance of their writings.

It is the unhappy duty of critics to read a great deal that would fret their lives out of them were it not for the patience and cheerful amiability so characteristic of the race; but the gentlest critic runs the risk of losing his temper in reading the minor versemen of the eighteenth century. The treadmill must be light labour in comparison. One design of poetry is to give pleasure; but what mortal can find pleasure in the verses of Duke and King, of Sprat and Congreve, of Fenton and Granville, of Hammond and Blackmore, of Broome and Pitt? Dr. Johnson allows that most of these men are mere versifiers with no claim to the name of poets; nevertheless they are called "eminent" on his titlepage. Even Congreve, a great wit and sparkling dramatist, is contemptible as a poet, although one of his admirers declares that—

Each various grace embellishes his song,
As Horace easy and as Pindar strong.

One common trait in the writers of rhyme between the days of Dryden and Grey is that, like Pope, in nearly every instance they exercised their craft as translators of the classic poets. Pitt translated the *Aeneid*; Tickell, as every reader of Pope knows, "turned" the first book of the *Iliad*; Garth tried his hand at Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; of Pope's "Odyssey," eight books were translated by Broome and four by Fenton; Edmund Smith translated Longinus, and Smart produced a prose version of Horace.

Another notable fact with regard to the metre-mongers whose merits or demerits I am discussing is that they regarded all topics as equally fitted for verse. "It was in metre," says one of John Byrom's critics, "that he confuted Middleton, differed from Hervey, emended Horace and Homer, discoursed on the nature of Pentecost, and expounded William Law." It was in metre, I may add, that Garth wrote the "Dispensary," that Armstrong wrote on health, that Grainger wrote on the sugar-cane, and that Gilbert West wrote on "The Institution of the Order of the Garter." The driest of subjects were treated in blank verse, or in couplets which, so long as they "rhymed and rattled," were regarded as poetry. The delusion was amazing, but it spread widely, and every Grub-street hack who wrote for the booksellers understood the trade of spinning verses.

When readers or critics met with a true poet in those days of wit and prose his merit was not always recognised. I have been just reading again Dr. Johnson's brief and interesting biography of Collins, whom he knew personally. It is written with tenderness and true feeling; but Mr. Swinburne's assertion that Johnson recognised this poet's "eminent and exquisite" lyrical faculty is to me astounding. It is in these words that he pronounces a final estimate of his genius. "His diction was often harsh, unskillfully laboured, and injudiciously selected. He affected the obsolete when it was not worthy of revival; and he puts his words out of the common order, seeming to think, with some later candidates for fame, that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure." This is not all that Johnson says of Collins; but it is the best he says, and I confess I cannot see how such an estimate "clearly shows how much finer a sense of poetry than is usually attributed to him lay radically latent" in this deliberate judgment. To me it seems characteristic of the critic and of his age. Gray's "Elegy" became, indeed, popular directly it was printed; but that poem of perfect beauty has a charm obvious at first sight and to all minds, and, therefore, does not count. Gray's odes were as little appreciated by his contemporaries as the odes of Collins. The poet maintained that they were better than his "Elegy"; but the public did not agree with him, and that Mr. Swinburne does not he has declared with his usual emphasis. Neither of these poets, despite his genius, was strong enough to escape from the conventional diction of the time; but though born at what seems

an unfavourable hour, they sufficiently proved their claim to a place with the immortals.

By general consent the poetasters of the last century who followed in the wake of Pope, if a place is given to them upon our library shelves, are allowed to be covered with the dust that is their natural inheritance. And when we see writers who were once fairly popular, and made money by bad rhymes, we naturally ask how it is likely to fare with the poetasters, some of them highly popular and mistaken for poets, who exist in our own day? These men don't live in garrets, like a good many of their predecessors; they don't call on Lord Tennyson or on Mr. Browning as the man of rhyme called on Pope, "happy to catch him just at dinner-time." The quality of their verse, too, is more poetical, since it is the echo of imaginative poets; they show that they have read Wordsworth and Shelley, Tennyson and Swinburne; and they do not attempt to build their verse on such prosaic foundations as "Home Rule," "County Councils," or "Bimetallism." Often their verse is so good that it has the semblance of life, and may deceive an unwary critic; but the years move on and the fame of the poetasters does not move with them. It is melancholy to think what an expenditure of hope and labour is lost, and always will be lost, by men who, because they possess in some degree the faculty of verse, imagine that they are poets. The dream is pleasant, so long as they do not wake up and discover that they have been dreaming. The truth is that the poet is still as rare a product of Nature as he has always been. Culture, civilisation, criticism may change the form of his verse, but have no influence on its creation. He is a beautiful gift to man, all the more precious for his rarity. "Blessings be with him and eternal praise"; but although the notes of poetasters which imitate his music are faint, and must soon die out altogether, they may give pleasure while they last, and are, therefore, not to be despised.

MR. GLADSTONE ON ITALIAN LITERATURE.

At the close of a lecture on "Dante" delivered by the Bishop of Ripon on April 6, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Paddington-green Children's Hospital, Mr. Gladstone proposed a vote of thanks to his Lordship, and in doing so said he would not attempt to describe any part of the subject of the lecture, which, perhaps, was too tender and too sacred for him to tread upon, nor could he repeat the qualities to be derived from the study of Dante. They knew how profoundly interesting it was to study the work of such a man; and, for his own part, as a partial and somewhat occasional student of Dante, he wished to bear testimony to his name and his work. He wished to bear testimony, as far as language could, to the degree of magnitude and the importance of his works, which could hardly be exaggerated. Dante had a place absolutely alone in the whole compass of literature; and he did not think that there was any writer who could compete with Dante in creative power. The study of Dante was a very serious matter, entailing a serious responsibility. Every thinking person who gave himself to that study could not but feel profoundly its effects in his inward being, for many were the lessons which the poems of Dante conveyed to humanity. He profoundly lamented the undoubted decadence of Italian study generally in this country, and in most other European countries, at the present day. He had observed with much satisfaction that that decline had not affected the study of Dante in the same manner or in the same degree as it had affected Italian literature in general; and he rejoiced to think that that which was certainly the crown of all Italian literature had by its own force, and its own attractive power, enlisted in its service the thoughts and labours of many minds, even amidst all the exciting demands of the period in which we lived. They were under special obligations to his Lordship, because if, in the high position in which he was placed, with the responsibilities and labours which came upon him from day to day, the Bishop of Ripon had been able to give his mind in so comprehensive a manner and so earnest a spirit to this remarkable and peculiar study, it gave encouragement to the hope that many followers would be led into the path which his Lordship had opened.

The Company of Mercers have given 50 guineas to the Convalescent Home Fund of the Chelsea Hospital for Women.

St. Mary's Hospital festival dinner will be held at the Hôtel Métropole on May 25, Mr. John Aird, M.P. for North Paddington, in the chair.

It has been decided that the thirtieth, and last, meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon will begin on Monday, July 8.

Three gentlemen have offered to contribute £1000 each in the event of a fund being started for enabling Ulster and Scotch tenants to take evicted farms on Plan of Campaign estates.

A despatch from St. Thomé, received in Brussels from the Governor-General of the Congo State, states that Arabs have brought intelligence to Stanley Falls that Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha are marching to the East Coast.

At a special meeting of the Cambridge Town Council on April 4, Mr. F. C. Wace, M.A., J.P., was elected Mayor of the borough for the remainder of the municipal year, in the room of the late Mr. Alderman Edward Bell. He was also elected to the vacant office of Alderman.

The Earl of Dunraven, on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron, has forwarded a challenge to the New York Yacht Club, as holders of the America Cup. The challenging vessel named is the Valkyrie, a cutter now in course of construction by Fay and Co., of Southampton, for Lord Dunraven. She has been designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, and is of 60 rating, the same as Mr. P. A. Ralli's remarkably successful cutter Yarana. She is the smallest vessel which has been put forward to challenge for the trophy. Lord Dunraven has suggested that five matches, instead of three, as was the case with the Genesta, Galatea, and Thistle, should be sailed, and that all the matches should take place outside Sandy Hook, and be free, so far as practicable, from complications as to tides and shallow waters.

For Easter, cheap tickets will be issued by the Great Eastern Railway Company via the "Harwich route," enabling holiday-makers to visit the Belgian Ardennes, Holland, and the Rhine. Passengers leaving London or the North on Wednesday or Thursday can reach the Ardennes early the next afternoon, and return on Monday, arriving in London and the North on Tuesday. The Great Eastern Railway have arranged, in conjunction with the General Steam Navigation Company, a special excursion to Hamburg, at very low fares for the return journey. Passengers will leave Liverpool-street Station at eight p.m. on Wednesday, April 17, and Parkesston Quay at ten p.m. by one of the General Steam Navigation Company's passenger-steamers, arriving in Hamburg on Saturday morning, and returning from Hamburg on Sunday evening, being due in London on Tuesday morning. After Easter the General Steam Navigation Company's boats will run from Harwich (Parkesston Quay) to Hamburg every Wednesday and Saturday as usual.

THE DOUGLAS GARDEN.

In the castle of Stirling, withdrawn behind the inmost battlement, and occupying a position of chosen security on the summit of the fortress rock, there is an antique pleasure-ground. It measures but a few paces across, the heavy stone ramparts of the castle guarding it on one side, while the windows of the ancient Royal apartments look down into it upon the other. A tree or two spread their branches in the circumscribed space, and in summer a little bright colour is lent to the spot by some beds of pansies and geraniums set in the green turf. It is used now as the private garden of the Governor, and the seclusion of its quiet gravelled walks is but seldom invaded by the footsteps of the heedless vulgar. A quiet sunny nook surrounded by the grey historic masonry of the fortress, it is like some fresh sweet maiden fallen asleep in the mail of a mediæval knight.

No castle in all Scotland, not even that of Edinburgh itself, has greater claims than Stirling to be regarded as the Royal stronghold of the country; and no spot in the land is more crowded with historic memories than this old pleasure-ground, the Douglas Garden. Here, during the stormy struggles of the middle centuries, when the Kings of Scotland were fighting for their lives and crown, those dearest to the Royal heart were wont to be placed for safety. In warlike times gone by the gravelled walks of the little airing-ground have borne the tremulous pacings of many an anxious Queen; and while the drums beat to arms in the courtyard without, the quiet inner gateway here has seen the passionate farewell of more than one Royal Hector and Andromache. What waitings and watchings have been here!—what coming and going of knightly messengers!—while the stillness of the spot itself was made sensible by the hammering of armourers forging weapons in haste in a distant part of the castle, and by the furious gallop, sometimes, of a departing courier down the causeway outside. Then the return in triumph!—who cannot picture in this spot the happy meetings, not only of a Royal James and his consort, but, in secluded nooks, the glad tears and rapturous caresses of less exalted but not less tender lovers? And for those who did not return—ah! the heart-breakings!

There is a stone terrace running round the inside of the castle battlement which protects one side of the garden. This terrace is reached by a short flight of steps, and formed the mediæval vantage-ground of the place's defenders. Upon the outside, wall and rock drop in a sheer precipice to the plain below—a pebble let fall from the ledge taking many seconds to reach the ground; and a glance is enough to perceive that the castle is perfectly inaccessible at this spot. Again and again in the onrolling of the centuries has the Royal game been played beneath these walls; and Stirling Bridge and Bannockburn and Sheriffmuir are but the best-remembered of the names of strife. For the citadel of Stirling kept the passage of the narrow Forth and Clyde isthmus between north and south, and the hands which held this citadel had all Scotland at command. Well worthy, therefore, the thrilling interest of dames of high degree have been the joustings witnessed again and again from this high pavilion on the battlements, when the issue of the tourney has been life or death, and the prize of the victor a kingdom.

Carved on the heavy stone-work of the rampart itself at its north-west corner are to be seen the initials of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Here in 1842 the Royal lady was brought with her consort to look forth upon that "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" which her ancestors had fought for yard by yard and had held through the storm of centuries. Her Majesty, it is said, was enchanted by the view, and lingered at the spot to enjoy it. This was to be expected, the prospect of silver firth, green strath, and purple upland in sight being perhaps the finest in the North. But it may be imagined that her thoughts, as she leaned on these battlements, were not all upon the scene before her. Back through the vista of the historic past another perspective, chequered strangely with like sunshine and shadow, was to be viewed from these walls; and it may be that a pity came upon the gentle heart beating there that day with the warm tide of its own happy summer-time, at thought of other fair holders of her northern sceptre who, going before, had paced the same terrace with sighs and tears. Alas! that the sunshine of that day in 1842 should itself since then have become but a memory to be looked back upon through the wistful dews of regret!

Hardly a hundred years before, it could scarcely be forgotten, Prince Charles Edward—that "bonnie Prince Charlie" with whose career the Stuart name was to go out in its final blaze of romance—had raised his gallant but ineffectual siege of the castle, and marched off northward with so many brave gentlemen who were presently to fall in that last headlong onset at Culloden. Another hundred years back, and the cannon of General Monk were shaking the battlements within which the new-crowned boy-King, Charles II., had but lately been holding his strange and sombre effort at a Court—all but shaking to pieces, too, the chances of a Stuart restoration altogether. Still another century, and within these walls the crown of Scotland was being set upon the head of a baby-Queen whose misfortunes had begun with her birth, and who, after assuming a triple diadem, and tasting, along with the sweets of a perilous beauty, more joys and sorrows, perhaps, than have been the lot of any other of her sex, was finally to lay down both crown and head on the executioner's block at Fotheringay. Gay memories enough, it is true, were to be recalled within this palace castle. Did not that most gallant of Princes, the fifth James, hold his courtly revels here, sallying out between whiles, in search of adventure, as "Snowdon's Knight" or as the "Guideman of Ballengeich"? These doings are remembered yet in many a song and story besides "The Jolly Beggar" and the romance of Sir Walter Scott. But more tragic associations, alas! have also their home in this spot. What of that skeleton which was dug up accidentally in the garden some eighty years ago? No record remained of its interment there; but students of the castle's story surmised that time had brought to light again the evidence of a dark episode of the past, and no doubt was made that these unblessed and mouldering bones had once borne the great name of the Douglas. For it was in the closet overlooking the spot where the remains were discovered that, in 1451, James II. broke up the hostile league formed against the throne among his three greatest Barons by stabbing to the heart the young, but too ambitious and powerful, Border Earl; and the body, it is supposed, having been thrust out of the narrow window of the room, had been buried where it fell. From the garden here, too, a few years earlier, it may be that the daughter of the Earl of Somerset heard the shrieks of Sir Robert Graham and his associates as they were put to death with the most cruel tortures on the Mote Hill close by, for the unprovoked murder of her husband, Scotland's poet-King, James I. Earlier still, the heroic deeds of Bruce and of Wallace cast a patriotic splendour about the ancient fortress. And, farthest back of all, across the silent darkness of forgotten centuries, ring clear upon the iron rock the hoof-beats of the Roman Agricola.

G. E. T.

THE NEW BRIDGE AT TEDDINGTON.

The new foot-bridge over the Thames, erected by the Local Board, at Teddington Lock, has for sometime been open for traffic, though its ceremonial opening has been delayed. It consists actually of two bridges; one over the river from a point near the Angler's Rest, at Teddington, to the island opposite; the other crossing the Lock Cut, from the island to the Surrey side. The former is a suspension-bridge of 160 ft. span, near the Teddington side, and a half-span towards the island, carried upon four steel-wire cables, each of 7½ in. circumference, and strengthened by lattice girders. It affords a footway 6 ft. wide, which is 12 ft. above high water. The bridge over the Lock Cut has a clear span of 99 ft., and is formed of wrought-iron lattice girders, the abutments being of Portland cement concrete. Its elevation affords 12 ft. clear above the towing-path, and 18 ft. above the water in the Lock Cut, as required by the Thames Conservancy; and it is approached by flights of steps. The engineer of the Teddington Bridge is Mr. George Pooley, of 26, Charing-cross; the contractors, Messrs. Goddard and Massey, of Nottingham. The cost was about £2700, of which part was raised by local public subscription, £500 being given by the late Mr. Walter Taylor.

NEW BOOKS.

Gibraltar. By Henry M. Field (Chapman and Hall).—The impressions of a friendly and well-informed American, Dr. Field, of Boston, who sojourned a few days, beginning with New-Year's Eve, 1836, in the strange little fortress-town belonging to Great Britain at the south-west corner of Spain, are described very agreeably in this volume, which also contains historical notices of its famous sieges, with much praise of the British Army. He was almost the only American visitor there at the time; but the United States Consul, Mr. Horatio Sprague, and Mr. De Saunt, manager there of the Eastern Telegraph Company's service, who assisted in laying the first Atlantic cable in 1858, gave him a hearty welcome. He was also introduced to the Governor-General, Sir Arthur Hardinge, to Lord Gifford, the Colonial Secretary, and to Major-General Walker, from whom he readily obtained facilities for viewing the fortifications and inspecting the garrison; moreover, he has studied the local and military records of

Gibraltar with diligent attention. This volume, which is pleasantly written, and is adorned with a dozen good engravings and a small map or topographical plan, may be recommended as a fairly complete account of Gibraltar; though Dr. Field is not a military man, and does not pretend to explain the precise construction of batteries or other defensive works, or to discuss the utility of the harbour from a naval point of view. Gibraltar, originally fortified and inhabited by the warlike Moors, eleven centuries ago, was wrested from the Spanish Bourbon Kingdom by Admiral Sir George Rooke in 1704, and was ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. It has been repeatedly attacked in vain by the Spaniards and French; and its successful defence, under General George Elliot—afterwards Lord Heathfield—against a four-years' siege, from 1779 to 1783, is one of the greatest exploits in our national history. Dr. Field's extracts from Drinkwater's narrative of this siege, and from Sayer's "History of Gibraltar," may not be new to all present readers, but are highly interesting; and their insertion adds to the convenience of his book. It would, perhaps, be less easy to show the instances of any great positive advantage ever being obtained by the use of Gibraltar as a naval and military station, in securing our command of the entrance of the Mediterranean. The retention of Tangier, which for a short time actually belonged to England, or the acquisition of Ceuta or some other good harbour on the Moorish coast, where abundant supplies can be got, would probably have been more advantageous. But no Government is likely ever willingly to give up the possession of the romantic old "Rock," on which millions of money and vast labour have been spent, and which is a glorious token of British valour. Its attractions for holiday visitors, though scarcely for invalids seeking repose in a warm and sheltered climate in winter, are now better appreciated than formerly; and they can enjoy magnificent views of land and sea, extending from the grand mountain range of the Sierra Morena, in Spain, to the Atlas range of North Africa, with the Mediterranean on the one hand and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. The short walks and rides, within a narrow space of high ground presenting the most various features of hill and cliff scenery, with a profusion of wild flowering plants, afford recreation for many days; and there is always good English society to be

met at Gibraltar. One drawback to the pleasure of staying there, to persons of nervous temperament, is occasionally experienced in the tremendous din of the artillery practice; and some may not like the strict fortress rule of shutting the town gates at an early hour in the evening. Nevertheless, Gibraltar seems to be a place that many of our countrymen would like to visit for a few days, before going on to Tangier, or to Madeira or Teneriffe, or to Algiers, or up the Mediterranean. Those who are in doubt on this question should read Dr. Field's acceptable volume. We cannot withhold an acknowledgment of the gratifying manner in which he speaks of the British troops, particularly the South Staffordshire regiment, whose services in many parts of the world, since the reign of Queen Anne, to the recent Khartoum expedition, he recites and frankly admires—not the less cordially that it fought at Bunker Hill. Americans, we know, cherish equal pride with ourselves in the achievements of English literature, and in the civil and social life of England; but that they should also readily applaud the soldiership of our Army is to us an unexpected sign of national goodwill.

Letters from Crete. By Charles Edwardes (R. Bentley and Son).—The largest of the Greek islands between Europe and Asiatic Turkey, one of the most famous in antiquity, and with historical associations not less memorable than those of Rhodes and Cyprus, which is so rarely explored by intelligent visitors as Crete! Its majestic range of mountains, covered with snow during most of the year, with Mount Ida and other summits rising to 8000 ft., are commonly visible in the voyage to Alexandria or to Port Said; and whenever the troublesome Eastern Question sends our Mediterranean Squadron to the Levant, we hear of British war-ships at anchor in Suda Bay. Twenty years ago, the Cretan insurrection against the Turkish Government, by deeds of desperate valour which Mr. Hilary Skinner witnessed and narrated, was a theme for sympathetic admiration. It failed to win for the heroic islanders, the bravest of Greeks, their political independence or union with the ambitions, but often rashly adventurous, kingdom of Modern Greece. But it was followed, through the mediation of the European Powers, by substantial concessions of provincial and local self-rule, which have relieved the Cretans of the worst positive grievances they had so long endured. Only three years ago, however, the revival of Greek pretensions to an



NEW BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES AT TEDDINGTON.

enlargement of national dominion was checked by a demonstration of British naval force. It was at that time, but with no motive of political enthusiasm, that the author of this interesting volume, Mr. C. Edwardes, of Wolverhampton, sojourned a few months at Canea, the Turkish capital, and made several excursions in the north-western part of the island. His scanty and feeble acquaintance with the spoken Greek language did not allow him to learn much of the ideas and sentiments of the natives; but the grand and beautiful scenery, the outward aspects of life among Cretan peasantry and mountaineers, and the sequestered monasteries of the Greek Church, everywhere in the Levant so quaint and curious, are well described by him. Nor did he fail, with the assistance of educated residents, to gain some correct archaeological knowledge, and to examine some wonderful remains of Hellenic civilisation, little known to ordinary classical scholars. The ruins of Polyrhenia, at the place now called Paleokastron, several miles inland, and those of its neighbour Phalasarna, now Kutri, on the seacoast, to the west of the promontory of Grabusa and bay of Kissamos, are truly astonishing; they had, indeed, been surveyed before, and duly reported upon; but we thank Mr. Edwardes for his account of their present condition. In many places on the shores of Crete, whole epochs or cycles of history are exemplified by the successive buildings of the ancient Greek colonists of the Roman or Byzantine Empire, and of the Venetians, who held this island, making the city of Candia its capital, from the beginning of the thirteenth century until its conquest by the Turks in 1669. The Venetian fortifications, roads, and aqueducts are specimens of skill and labour which for solidity, and for practical genius in designing such works, may be compared with Roman structures in other countries; but the Turks have left them to decay, while using the Venetian mansions for their own dwelling. Historical testimony, nevertheless, accuses the Venetians of practising, in their time, as much oppression and iniquity as the Turks have inflicted on the native population, sparing only the horrible outrages to which the women have been liable within living memory. The Cretans and other Greek subjects of Venice were really kept in a state no better than slavery; and it appears that their own clergy, expecting at least more toleration of their religion than their Italian masters would allow, consented to pass under the Ottoman sway. They now unanimously desire annexation to free Greece; but Mr. Edwardes, like many other English observers, doubts whether that would be good for the material prosperity of the island. The whole population is about 350,000, of whom some 50,000 are Mohammedans, living

in the towns of the northern coast; while the highlanders and Sphakiotes of the rugged south coast are the implacable enemies of Turkish rule. Mr. Edwardes carefully refrained from encouraging political disaffection, but was frequently obliged to assure his Cretan hosts that England has not the slightest intention of assuming the sovereignty or protectorate, or of exchanging Cyprus for Crete. It would seem likely to be an inconvenient and perilous acquisition for either of the Western Powers, as unsuitable for France or Italy as for Great Britain. English commerce, however, might profitably be advanced in this large and fertile island. The Germans, Austrians, and Americans make efforts there, with increasing success, to extend their trade, by consulting the wants and tastes of the people.

Untrodden Paths in Roumania. By Mrs. Walker (Chapman and Hall).—The country beyond Transylvania to the Black Sea, between the Carpathian Mountains and the Danube, has been "trodden" by armies, even in our time, much more than was good for it, after having been cruelly down-trodden by domestic or foreign oppressors in former ages. But Mrs. Walker has, perhaps, intended the adjective, in her title for this volume, not to apply to the rather small amount of information that it affords concerning the state of the country in general; only to her excursions, which were directed to many of the Greek Church monasteries. These are named Agapia, Niamitz, Rishka, Baia, Veratic, Horaitza, Seeu, and Sikla, finally Bistritza, in the Moldavian part of the new kingdom; and in Wallachia to those of Cernica, near Bucharest; the old metropolitan convent and cathedral of Curtea d'Argesch; the beautiful mountain abode of Sinaia, on the Transylvanian frontier, where the King and Queen have built for themselves a fair summer palace; Namoeshti, likewise situated amidst delightful mountain scenery; and Horezu, once rich and splendid, now occupied by a few quiet "Maicas" or nuns. The description of all these convents of religious men and women, and of the journeys to see them, fills the greater portion of the volume; it has not, so far as we can remember, been anticipated by any other writer, and Mrs. Walker's account of what she actually saw is never tedious, though some readers may feel rather indifferent to repeated details of monastic life, with its uniformity of rules and habits. They will, however, find compensation in accompanying this lady, who uses her pencil as well as her pen, and whose drawings furnish twenty-five illustrations, along roads and paths of a fine highland region, with forests, hills, glens, and rivers that seem to be as picturesque and romantic as any in Europe, but which comparatively few English tourists have yet visited. The great

plain of the Lower Danube, from Widdin to Galatz, near which latter place it is joined by the Sereth and the Pruth, the chief Moldavian rivers, may appear monotonous to ordinary travellers. Bucharest is not a very interesting city, though it has pleasant gardens and several fine churches. It is by excursions northward or westward to the Carpathian ranges, which form a huge angle towards the whole Roumanian plain, overlooking Wallachia to the south and Moldavia to the east, that the more attractive scenery is beheld. The route, partly by a railroad, up the valley of the Prahova to Sinaia, and thence over the Austro-Hungarian frontier to Kronstadt, in Siebenbürgen or Transylvania, is especially to be admired; but it is not an "untrodden path." The woods, rocks, and caverns of Rucar, with the source of the Dimbovita, and the wild ravines in the mountain district above Horezu, repay the trouble of a journey. With regard to the history of this country and its people, the author tells us little more than what is commonly known. The Roumanians, who speak a language not so much altered from Latin as is the Italian, and nearly resembling the dialect used by some village communities in the Rhaetian Alps, are the descendants not of true Romans, but of soldier-colonists in Dacia from Trajan's Roman army, probably Gauls of north-eastern Lombardy, in the second century of the Christian era. They retired to the Carpathians, apparently, during the prolonged inroads of the Goths, Huns, and other barbarians, but came down again, in the thirteenth century, into the plains on the left bank of the Danube. One branch of the nation occupied the part called Wallachia, and the other Moldavia, which existed as separate Principalities for six centuries and a half, but which fell under subjection to Turkey, the ancient Voivodes being superseded by Hospodars, and, finally, by Caimakams, nominees of the Sultan. Little credit may be given to those native historians who relate the most horrible crimes of the old Wallachian Princes, while they extol the virtues of the Princes of Moldavia for reasons best known to themselves. In 1859, as the European Powers after the Russian War proved unequal to the task of settling a proper government for these "Danubian Principalities," the people, spontaneously meeting at Jassy and Bucharest, resolved on their union to form one State, and elected Alexander Couza for its Prince. He abdicated in 1866, and was succeeded by Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who helped Russia in the last Turkish War, and assumed the title of King eight years ago. The popularity of his Majesty and of Queen Elizabeth, the poetess "Carmen Sylva," who is one of the most accomplished ladies of her time, seems to be well deserved.



STUDY OF A HEAD.—BY F. A. VON KAULBACH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION OF MUNICH.



CAPTURE OF THE KASBAH OF ARBAA BY BERBER TROOPS IN MOROCCO.

OBITUARY.

THE MARQUIS OF ELY.

The Most Honourable John Henry Wellington Graham Loftus,

Earl and Marquis of Ely, Viscount and Baron Loftus in Ireland, and also Baron Loftus in the United Kingdom, and a Baronet, whose death is just announced, was born Nov. 20, 1849, the only son of John Henry, third Marquis, by his wife,

daughter of Mr. James Joseph Hope-Vere, of Craigie, and Blackwood, N.B., a Lady of the Bedchamber to her Majesty, and was educated at Harrow and Oxford. He succeeded to the title July 15, 1857, and married, Dec. 9, 1875, Caroline Anne, daughter of Mr. George Caithness, but had no issue. His cousin, John Henry Loftus, eldest son of the late Rev. Lord Adam Loftus, now becomes fifth Marquis of Ely. He was born March 6, 1851, and is unmarried.

SIR JERVOISE CLARKE-JERVOISE, BART.

Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise, Bart., of Idsworth Park, Hants, died, at Idsworth, on April 1, in his eighty-fifth year. He was eldest son of the Rev. Sir Samuel Jervoise, created a Baronet in 1813, and succeeded to the honour in 1852. From 1857 to 1868 he represented South Hants in Parliament. He married, June 15, 1829, Georgiana, youngest daughter of Mr. George Neshitt Thompson, and was left a widower Feb. 25, 1873. His grandson, now Sir Arthur Henry Clarke-Jervoise, third Baronet, late Lieutenant Coldstream Guards, born in 1856, is only son of Major Jervoise, who died in 1872.

COLONEL ROBERTSON-EUSTACE.

Colonel Robert Jameson-Eustace Robertson-Eustace, commanding the 3rd and 4th Battalions, South Staffordshire Regiment, and previously the 60th Rifles, on April 1, aged sixty-one, at Folkestone. This distinguished officer saw much service in the Punjab, including the siege of Mooltan and the capture of the citadel, at the battle of Goojerat, the pursuit of the Sikh army, and the expulsion of the Afghans beyond the Khyber Pass (medal with two clasps). In 1849, he was in the Yusufzai Expedition; and, in 1850, in the forcing of Kohat Pass (medal with clasp). He served also in the Indian Mutiny Campaign and the Red River Expedition. Colonel Eustace was son of Mr. Robert Robertson, Advocate Sheriff Substitute of Sterlingshire, by Alicia Catharine, his wife, eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Eustace, who claimed the viscountcy of Baltinglass. He assumed by Royal license, in 1873, the additional surname of Eustace, as heir-general of his maternal family. He married, April 9, 1863, Lady Katharine Legge, daughter of the fourth Earl of Dartmouth, by whom he leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Commander William Blackmore Noble, R.N., on March 16, in his hundredth year. He entered the Navy in 1803.

Major-General George Bagot, lately commanding 69th Regiment, on March 30, at Weston-super-Mare, aged sixty-five; he did good service against the Fenians in Canada in 1870.

General John Leslie Dennis, C.B., Colonel of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, at his residence, Victoria-road, Kensington, on March 12, in his eightieth year.

General Edmund Richard Jeffreys, C.B., Colonel of the 1st Battalion Manchester Regiment, and late of the Connaught Rangers, at Ryde, on April 3, in his eightieth year.

Lieutenant-General W. T. L. Patterson, formerly of the 91st (Argyll) Highlanders, on April 2, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He served in the Kaffir war in 1846-7, for which he received the medal.

The Venerable Robert Hindes Groome, Archdeacon of Suffolk, on March 19, in his eightieth year. He was made Honorary Canon of Norwich in 1858, Rector of Monk Soham in 1844, and Archdeacon of Suffolk in 1869.

Mr. Richard Cooke-Yarborough, brother of the late Mr. George Cooke-Yarborough, of Campsmount, in the county of York, at his residence, No. 8, Portland-place, Leamington, on March 16, aged eighty-three.

Lady Lushington (Eliza Hannah), daughter of Mr. John Shelley, suddenly, on March 26. She married, in 1863, as his second wife, Sir Henry Lushington, third Baronet, of Aspenden Hall, in the county of Hertford, and leaves an only child, Geraldine.

Margaretta, Dowager Lady Rose, widow of Sir Philip Rose, of Rayners, in the county of Buckingham, who was created a Baronet in 1874, and daughter of Mr. Robert Ranking, of Hastings, in the county of Sussex, at 1, Cromwell-road, South Kensington, on March 13, aged seventy-four.

Mr. Edwin James Grice, of Newport, in the county of Monmouth, on March 9, at Beechwood, Reigate, aged fifty-five. He was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant for Monmouthshire; and served the office of High Sheriff, in 1855, for that county.

Mrs. Harriet Butler, widow of the Very Rev. Richard Butler, Dean of Clonmacnois and Rector of Trim, county Meath, on March 20, aged eighty-seven, at Glasthule Lodge, Kingstown. This accomplished lady was second daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, by his fourth wife, and half-sister of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist.

Colonel George Palmer Evelyn, of Hartley Manor, in the county of Kent, F.R.G.S., suddenly, in London, on March 18, aged sixty-seven. He was educated at Sandhurst, and was formerly Captain in the Rifle Brigade. He was a younger brother of Mr. William John Evelyn, of Wotton, in the county of Surrey, late M.P. for Deptford.

Colonel Davidson, of Tulloch, who was the head of one of the oldest families in the north of Scotland, on March 29, at Tulloch House, Ross-shire, after a long illness, at the age of fifty. Colonel Davidson's estates in Ross-shire extend to upwards of 36,000 acres, and include the celebrated Strathrannoch shootings. He once stood for his native county.

Lord Fraser, Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland, rather suddenly, at Gattenside House, Melrose, on March 27. He was called to the Scotch Bar in 1843, and was made a Queen's Counsel in 1881. The same year he was appointed a Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland, with the courtesy title of Lord Fraser, and Lord Ordinary in Exchequer causes. He was an LL.D. of Edinburgh.

The Rev. Maurice Bonnor, on March 27, at St. Asaph, in his eighty-ninth year. He was one of the oldest clergymen in Wales, and was formerly Vicar of Ruabon. In 1859 he was

appointed Dean of St. Asaph by the late Bishop Short; but owing to advanced age he retired in 1886. He was an energetic and popular clergyman, and was instrumental in restoring the Cathedral and in building national schools.

The Rev. Canon George Raymond Portal, suddenly, on April 5, at his residence, Burghclere Rectory, near Newbury, from syncope, aged sixty-one. He was Rural Dean for North Andover, and Honorary Canon of Winchester Cathedral.

General J. S. Brownrigg, C.B., at Colombo, on his way home from Australia, on April 1. He was born in 1814, and entered the Army as Ensign in 1832, in the 9th Foot. He afterwards exchanged into the Grenadier Guards, with which regiment he proceeded to the Crimea in 1854. After leaving the Guards, he commanded at Shorncliffe and Chatham. On June 24, 1876, he was appointed Colonel of the 93rd Regiment (Sherwood Foresters), which appointment he held till his death.

Mr. Charles Cowan, of Logan House, Midlothian, aged eighty-seven. He was for many years a partner in one of the largest paper manufacturing establishments in the Scottish capital. He was a Magistrate for Midlothian county, and also for the city of Edinburgh, and sat in the Liberal interest as one of the members for Edinburgh from 1847 to 1859, being, during a part of that time, the colleague of Lord (then Mr.) Macaulay in the representation.

Colonel Henry Dorien Stretefield, of Chiddington Castle, Kent, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1882, on April 3. He was born Aug. 2, 1825, the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Stretefield, of Chiddington, J.P. and D.L., by Maria, his wife, daughter of Mr. Magens Dorrien Magens, of Hammerwood Lodge, Sussex. He was formerly Captain 1st Life Guards, and subsequently Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding West Kent Yeomanry Cavalry. He married, Dec. 19, 1854, Marion Henrietta, youngest daughter of Mr. Oswald Smith, of Blendon Hall, Kent, and leaves several sons and daughters. The eldest son, Captain Henry Stretefield, Grenadier Guards, is married to the eldest daughter of the Earl of Lichfield; and the eldest daughter, Violet, to Lord Henry Nevill.

CAPTURE OF A REBEL FORT IN MOROCCO.

The military expedition last year undertaken by the Sultan of Morocco to subdue the confederacy of revolted tribes called the Beni M'guild, in the mountain country beyond Mequinez, was accompanied by a French artist, G. Nicolet, from whom we received the Sketches published in this journal. One incident of this expedition was the capture of the kasbah or fort of Arbaa, after a desperate resistance. This fort, which was held by a small number of men, kept on fighting during the whole of the first day, compelling the Sherifian troops to retire to their camp with great loss. Next day, a column with a Berber chief at its head climbed the hill with some artillery; and a steady fire was kept up two hours, till the kasbah and its defenders surrendered. In the Artist's Sketch several of those who were killed lie dead at the foot of the wall, over which some of the assailants have clambered, while the gate has been broken down by others, who have entered, with their sheikh or chief, leading the troops. A terrified girl, in the corner of the court-yard, shrinks from their approach; the other women are still hiding themselves in the inner chambers. It is mentioned in our correspondent's letter that a young girl of great beauty was caught trying to hide herself. No harm was done to her, but she was taken to be sold as a slave. The Sultan, having heard of it, ordered inquiry to be made concerning this girl, but nothing is known of what became of her. The price obtained for her by the captors was probably the most valuable part of their booty after the pillage of the dwelling.

NOVELS.

A Lost Estate. By Mary E. Mann. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—A consistent development of individual characters, and of their relations to each other, in and around the complex household life at the Oxmead Rectory, sustains the interest of this story, which is told with much quiet force of imaginative realisation, until the sudden deaths in the last two chapters, there breaking into a hasty and violent finish. The Rev. William Budsworth, an elderly widower having an only son, entrusts his domestic comfort to the care of Mrs. Merry, the widow of an old friend, and she lives many years at the rural parsonage with her own son, Tom Merry, younger than Archie Budsworth. Mrs. Merry is also permitted to have several orphan girls, the children of a cousin of hers named Waller, staying at the Rectory in their school holidays twice a year. The eldest girl, Georgie Waller, growing up as the favourite playmate of wild Tom Merry, but looking to the steadfast and kindly Archie as her constant protector, when her schooling is over, becomes a regular inmate of the house, and takes charge of it after the death of Mrs. Merry. Both the elder Mr. Budsworth and his son Archie, who by this time has left the University and become a clergyman, with a curacy in the neighbouring town of Dunderton, are men of simple integrity and unassuming goodness; but the father is stiff and reserved, while Archie is plain and awkward, though a manly fellow, and silently hoping one day to marry Georgie. Tom Merry, bold, gay, and handsome, but morally spoilt by his foolish mother's indulgence and flattery, has made a deeper impression on Georgie's heart than she is aware; and it is the conduct and fortunes of this selfish youth which form the chief motive of action. At the Grange, a mansion close by the Rectory, dwells a lonely old man, Mr. Barber, the owner of a good estate, but addicted to coarse vices, sullenly and fiercely insolent, despising all mankind, cruel to his servants, refusing to speak to his neighbours. It happens that this unpleasant, friendless, though wealthy, savage old Squire has taken a fancy to Tom Merry, though he hates the parson and the Rectory family; Tom, with the glad consent of his mother, has obtained a good education at Mr. Barber's cost, and is now preparing for the medical profession, being engaged as assistant to Dr. Loftts at Dunderton. He has been led to expect, moreover, that Mr. Barber's estate, worth £3000 or £4000 a year, will be some day bequeathed to him; but Mr. Barber, detecting the mercenary hopes of Mrs. Merry, is greatly irritated, and changes his mind. Going to sojourn at Buxton, he meets a woman of unknown antecedents, whom he marries and brings to Oxmead Grange. This person, who calls herself Mariana, is no better than she should be, and has in her time been a great deal worse than the authoress thinks proper to relate. She has a fatal fascination, however, for Tom Merry, who still visits Mr. Barber's house; and the result may be easily anticipated, but it stops short of extreme guilt. Tom weakly yields for a moment to her caresses, but is not so base as deliberately to betray his benefactor. A discovery, however, by Mr. Barber of his wife's unfaithfulness, when he is very ill and maddened by the abuse of brandy, causes him to make a will leaving all his property to an illegitimate child of his own, without a penny either for Mrs. Barber or for Tom Merry. After the old ruffian's death this woman compels Tom to marry her in London; but he is desperately poor, overwhelmed with debts, incapable of industry, disgraced by dissipation; and then learning, too late, the facts

of her past infamous life, he quits her and returns, to throw himself on the kindness of Archie Budsworth. It seems to us here; or that on the reappearance of the wretched woman, in pursuit of the unhappy Tom, some plan might have been contrived to dispose of them separately, without further suggestions of heinous crime. But the latter half of the third volume is filled with shocking incidents which do not add to the real impressiveness of the tale, and which appear much less likely than what has preceded. There is a codicil to the will, by which, in case of the death of little Harry Packer, the testator's illegitimate offspring, Tom Merry is to get the estate after all. His wicked wife thereupon carries this poor child to a cottage where some children are dying of diphtheria, and causes him to take the infection. Tom Merry, being in medical attendance, is horrified at the murderous trick practiced by his wife; and, during the surgical operation of tracheotomy, when a tube is obstructed, he sucks the tube, imbibes the germs of the disease, and soon afterwards dies. As for her, she is hunted home by the angry villagers, and dies of a spasm of the heart. We regret the addition of these superfluous horrors; why not have transported both of them far beyond the seas? Georgie Waller, an amiable, dutiful young lady, but of vacillating affections, is at length cured of her mistaken attachment to Tom, and marries the excellent Archie Budsworth, who obtains a good living in the North of England. His character, position, and manners are described with true originality of conception, and with many touches of mild humour, as well as those of his father, the Rector of Oxmead. Country life, homely scenes, and the affairs of a rustic village, are successfully treated in this novel, which is, on the whole, one of strong interest, and of considerable dramatic power.

Graham Aspen, Painter. By George Hulse. Two vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—Some novels depend for their interest on calling into play, at the same time, feelings of partiality for several amiable and estimable characters, who are brought into mutual alliance, and of dislike or contempt for several others, whose schemes of spite or sordid greed are predestined to defeat. We side with the good people, and we see that the bad people are to be ignominiously routed and put to shame. In this light and agreeable story, our sympathies are bespoken for the young artist, who is in feeble health and threatened with early death by consumption; for Lena Lipperty, a high-spirited girl with a talent for violin-playing, oppressed by her bigoted and covetous stepmother at No. 3, Tapioca-terrace, Clapham; for Dr. Eustace, the benevolent physician of Saville-row, who discovers, after a while, that he is Graham Aspen's uncle; for the wise and wealthy Alderman Clive, a liberal patron of art, and his generous daughter Ethel; and for Miss Hester Tierney, by whose voice alone, without seeing her face, as she sang "Auld Robin Gray," his mother's old song, at a lodging-house open window in the country, Graham Aspen was powerfully affected. On the other side, for the healthy exercise of just scorn and detestation, we are provided with such fit objects as the cruel, avaricious, and canting woman, Mrs. Lipperty, and the cunning swindler, Mr. Honeydew, her rival in the pursuit of Mrs. Sparragus's money; while the situation of Mrs. Sparragus, dwelling between them, owner of Tapioca-terrace, of the Flinders farm on the Surrey Downs, and of the profits on the sale of the Flinders pill, excites our frequent compassion. Here is enough combination and opposition of motives to keep the interest of the story alive; but Graham Aspen himself, though we wish him to get strong and to earn a fair income as a painter, is unduly deficient in a proper sense of his own rights, and indulges fastidious scruples which are not to be commended. A young man in sore need, who has saved an old lady from being run over and killed in the streets, may be unwilling to accept a gift or loan of money as a reward, but he is not required by honour to conceal his name and address from her, thereby causing her much pain for many months, lest she should bequeath him a legacy by her will. Nor was it his duty, when Dr. Eustace, who thought him unlikely to live long, kindly asked him where he lodged, to refuse the information because he suspected an intention to show him further kindness. In his transactions with Messrs. Glare and Gooley, the picture-dealers, it was a foolish Quixotism to decline a tolerable price for a picture, only because they offered less for it when they supposed it to be the work of an unknown artist. He indignantly protested that every work of art should be priced according to its own intrinsic merits; but there is no profession, we believe, in which men of reputation, or with some promise of success, do not readily accept higher payment, for any of their work, than is commanded by other men who may be equally clever. Mr. Graham Aspen, however, in spite of his delicate sensibility, of which one becomes rather tired, does not escape the search of so many friends as his rare virtues have unconsciously secured for him; Alderman Clive finds him out, buys his pictures, and invites him to dinner with his pupil Jem Starkie, a still greater genius. They meet the young ladies, and Aspen sees Miss Tierney, with whose singing voice he has so long been in love; she goes into training for a lady nurse, and is tending invalids at Flinders, now converted into a notable sanatorium, when an encounter with the artist, there sketching the landscape, assures their mutual affection. Lena Lipperty, whose silent love for him had been disappointed, must pine away in the sweet purity of her maidenhood, while Ethel Clive is betrothed to the rising painter Starkie. The property of which Mrs. Sparragus has been robbed by Honeydew is partly recovered, and Flinders is made the rural seat of a new School of Art, handsomely endowed by Dr. Eustace, who has obtained proofs that Aspen is the son of his long-lost only sister in India. All ends serenely, and all the deserving persons are put in the way to be happy.

The Glasgow Committee have remitted a further donation of £500, and the Liverpool Committee £202, towards the China Famine Fund.

The Duke of Cleveland has given £1000 towards the new Diocesan Fund for Durham, and the Marquis of Londonderry and the Earl of Durham have promised substantial annual subscriptions.

A letter from Mr. Stanley dealing chiefly with the geographical discoveries made on the wonderful march to the Albert Nyanza has been received by the Geographical Society, and was read at their evening meeting on April 8. News has also been received in Brussels from two Belgians, who in December started from Stanley Falls and ascended the Lomami, an affluent of the Congo, for 503 miles. It is added that this is the most direct route to Lake Tanganyika.

The St. Giles's Christian Mission having recently bought the building at one of the corners of the well-known Seven Dials, the ground-floor has been opened as a mission-hall. The upper part of the premises, which has been suitably altered, is to be used as a temporary home in connection with the rescue-work among the fallen women of the neighbourhood, a branch of the Christian effort lately undertaken by the mission, which is so well known by its work among discharged prisoners.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A CONFUSING CASE.

A friend, grubbing about amid the awakening life of the pools which spring is fast ripening into maturity, brought me, in a phial of water, the other day, a collection of curiosities which he demanded I should name and describe for his edification and instruction. It is often a hard task, that of satisfying people who are "wanting to know." They expect science to be equal to all things in the way of replies to questions which are still the inexplicable problems of philosophers among us; and they are proportionately disappointed when the answers desired are not forthcoming. My friend's phial of dirty water, however, contained a good many objects familiar enough even to the tyro in microscopic science. The life of his bottle had been awoken from its winter sleep by one or two of those warm days of spring weather wherein we rejoiced a short time gone by. There were one or two *Amoebas*—masses of protoplasm, slowly elbowing their way from form to form across the field of the microscope; and a "sun-animalcule" was likewise busy enough in the way of food-getting. A mother *Cyclops* or two, and a *Daphnia*, both water-fleas of well-known nature, appeared to be lively enough, if movements in these animals are to be taken as a test of vitality; and a lively worm of something more than microscopic size was similarly wriggling in and out of the hollow slide, and upsetting my cover-glass in its attempts to gain a view of the bigger world beyond the water-drop or two in which it was contained. But that which most excited the wonder of my friend was a lively microscopic globe or ball, which kept perpetually rolling over and over upon itself beneath his eye, and appeared to defy recognition as approaching in nature to any known animal-form. Here, the eye lighted upon a microscopic globe, whirling over and over in the water, and not exceeding in size the one-fiftieth of an inch or so. It is a hollow sphere, studded at intervals with green spots or specks, which are connected together by threads or processes, imparting a network-like aspect to the structure. The source of its movements is not difficult to determine. Each of the green specks has attached to it a couple of delicate lashes (or "cilia"), similar to those borne by the specks on the margin of the globe; and by the vibratile play of these lashes, this living globe is made to gyrate within its native waters. Inside the globe, we see other and smaller spheres. These are youthful globes, which, by the death and disintegration of the parent-globe, will escape into the water, and begin life each on its own account.

Close examination by a higher power of the microscope shows us that each of these greenish masses which dot over the mass of our globe is a distinct living particle. It consists of a speck of living matter (or protoplasm) coloured through its containing particles of the green colouring matter we see familiarly in plants. This matter is named chlorophyll. There is in each green mass a red speck, which some biologists name the "eye-spot"; and in each of the living masses we see, besides, one or two spaces which "beat" and contract and expand as if they were rudimentary hearts of one kind or another. Now, if our globe thus turns out to be simply a collection of green particles, each living, each connected to the other particles, and each possessing its couple of lashes or "cilia" to aid in propelling the globe through the water, the further question "What is it?" at once arises. This was the inquiry of my friend, just as it was the inquiry of many a puzzled naturalist in former days. In the days of Ehrenberg, the organism was named the "Globe-animalcule." It was regarded as an animal, or rather as a colony or aggregation of animals, and as such was classified among the animalcule-hosts themselves. But this was in the days when the botany of the lowest plants was an unknown and unformed science.

Let us see whether his epithet can be justified. That the "globe-animalcule," as it once was named, or *Volvox*, as we had better name it now, has apparent claims to be regarded as an animal, may no doubt be an assertion easy of proof to the unsophisticated mind. Does not it move?—and is not movement a feature of animal life which stands in contrast to the fixity of the plant?—are queries at the mere mention of which, I am sorry to say, scientists will not repress a grim sarcastic smile. If you hold that it is an animal because it moves, then what are you to say to the fact that thousands of the lowest plants are never rooted and fixed at all? And what, further, will you reply to the observation that many true animals are rooted and fixed throughout life? There are your sponges, your anemones, your corals, your zoophytes, and your sea-squirts, all of which are fixed creatures but true animals, nevertheless. So that you observe the mere fact of motion does not prove that a living being is an animal; and it certainly does not disprove the assertion, contrariwise, that it may well be a plant. The *volvox* before us is, in truth, an excellent illustration of the difficulty which attends us when we attempt to distinguish animals from plants. Not that it is difficult to separate higher animals from higher plants: there is no danger of confusing a cow with the grass it eats; but then there are other and much lower animals in the world than cows, and many plants lower than the grass. When we face a living being like our *volvox*, we see the greater difficulty which arises—that of saying in which kingdom of living nature we are to put the lowest members of the world of life. Now each of the green specks in the *volvox* might be an animal, and each might be a plant. Because the specks are green, and because they make starch, are facts forming no barrier to their being animals; for many true animals (like the "hydras" of the pools) manufacture the same green colouring matter we find in plants; and many animals, including even man himself, are starch-makers. What, then, to make a long story short, is this *volvox*? With its plantlike colour, it may be a plant; with its motion, and the structure of its living specks, it may be a mass of animals. I reply, it is a colony of very low plants massed together and living a kind of co-operative existence. If you could trace out the special fashion the *volvox* possesses of reproducing its kind, you would be able to detect many and close likenesses to the ways of the lowest plants. In its preparation for, and production of, the bodies which are to develop into new globes, the *volvox* is seen to be a true plant, and to possess its nearest relatives among the great tribe of which the seaweeds and many other familiar forms are characteristic examples. The closer knowledge of science often dissipates the mystery surrounding the nature of living things. But even under the light of such knowledge the answer to the question "Is this thing or that (in lower life) an animal or a plant?" must appear to ordinary mortals on many occasions as a confusing case.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
W R RAILLON, W H HAYTON, T G (Ware), E LOUDEN, and many others, are informed that their indictment of No. 2347 is unfortunately true, the problem being altogether unsound.

B W LA MOTHE (New York).—Problems duly received, and shall have attention. We do not mind the trouble with your compositions.

J JOHN.—We have not the solutions at hand, nor can we give time to work them out. The only really difficult one is that of Herr Berger.

B PENWARNE (Acton).—The solution was published in the issue of March 9. The key move is 1. B to K 2nd.

J M B (Salisbury).—The correct defence is 1. Q to K 2nd, in answer to which White cannot play 2. K to Q 6th on account of the check of the Bishop.

F SMART.—The defence is frequently played, but the first player retains the advantage of the move for some time.

F R PEACOCK.—Write to the secretary of the club and inquire.

J BURNETT.—We duly acknowledged the solution.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2343 received from T J STEVENSON (Merriton, Ontario) and W F SCHADE; of No. 2344 from H S B (Shoote's-hill), Solarsdale, and H S B (Bent Rhydling); of No. 2345 from Jack King (Dulip), Joseph T PULLIN (Gaunceston), and Shadforth; of No. 2346 from Percy Gibbs, John G (Grant), Joseph T PULLIN, C E PERUGINI, and E J GIBBS jun.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2347 received from C E PERUGINI, Bernard REYNOLDS, B S, R WORTERS (Canterbury), W R RAILLON, D MC CALL (Galway), DAVID MARTIN F, A NEWMAN, E CASELLA (Paris), E PEARSON, J G HAWKES, DR WALSH (Heidelberg), H J BLACKHORN (Manchester), RUBY ROOK, JUPITER JUNIOR, J C TABOR (Ashford), J E HERBERT (Ashford), F FERNANDO (Dublin), R F N BANKS, J D TUCKER (Leeds), F G WASHINGTON (Sidesay), W HILLER, J COAD, REV J GASLIN (Rhineas), R H BROOKS, JOHN KITCHING, SHADTHORPE, ALPHA, E B SCHWANN, T G (Ware), R B'S FROST, E LOUDEN, JULIA SHORT (Exeter), SWYRE, CHARLES WORRAL, A BECHINGER (Aldgate), HEREWOLD, G G F, P LAWRENCE (Brighton), S MAHONEY (Burkenhead), W VERNON ARNDT, O J GIBBS (Coventry), J HALL, T GORDON (R.E.), E E H, C M A B, A W HAMILTON GELL (Exeter), J STANLEY JAMES, F G ROWLAND (Shrewsbury), G P F, F H M, T ROBERTS, THOMAS CHOWN, H DORRINGTON, W H HAYTON, H L JENKINS (Grantham), DR F S, F C BENNETT (Newhaven), MRS KELLY, HOWARD A, T T W, and J DIXON (Colchester).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2345.

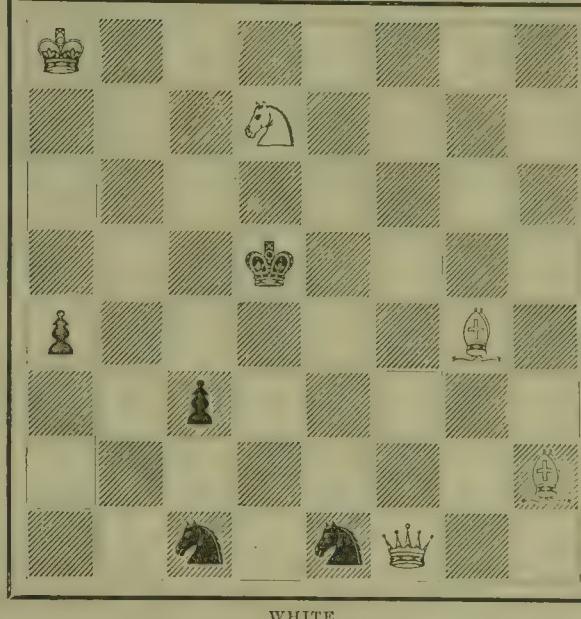
By H. MEYER.

WHITE.		BLACK.
1. R to Q 4th	P takes R	
2. R to B 3rd	Any move	
3. P or R mates accordingly.		

PROBLEM NO. 2349.

By W. GLEAVE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HAVANAII.

Consultation game between Messrs. TSCHIGORIN and PONCE, on one side, and Messrs. STEINITZ and GAVILAN, on the other.

(Evans Gambit.—Steinitz Defence.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(T. and P.)	(S. and G.)	(T. and P.)	(S. and G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th		
2. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Kt to B 3rd		
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th		
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P		
5. P to Q B 3rd	B to R 4th		
6. Castles	Q to B 3rd		
7. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd		
8. Kt to Q R 3rd	Kt to K R 3rd		
		19. P to Kt 3rd	
		From this point Black's play is marked by unfailing accuracy.	
		20. B to Kt 4th	R to B 5th
		21. B to B 3rd	P to Kt 4th
		22. Q to Q 5th	
		A lost move. Q to Q sq, at once, is better.	
		23. Q to K B 3rd	
		24. Q to Q sq	R to Kt Kt sq
		25. P to K R 3rd	P to K 5th
		26. P takes P	P to K R 4th
		27. P to Kt 5th	R takes P
		28. K to R 2nd	R to R 5th (ch)
		29. K to R 2nd	R to R 5th (ch)
		30. K to Kt sq	R to B 5th
			And White resigns.

With the object of playing Kt to B 4th; but K to R sq with the idea of releasing Kt B P would have been better.

13. P to K B 3rd
Taking immediate advantage of White's previous move.14. Kt to B 4th P takes P
15. Kt takes P P to Q 3rd
16. B to B 4th (ch) B to K 3rd
17. Q to Kt 3rd P takes Kt
18. B takes B (ch) K to R sq
19. B to B 5thThe repetition of these moves was for the purpose of gaining time; but the effect Q to B 5th is so apparent that it is difficult to understand the need of delay.
31. K to R 2nd R to B 5th (ch)
32. K to Kt sq Q to B 5th
33. K to K sq R takes P (ch)
And White resigns.

"Chessplayer's Annual Club Directory" (T. B. Rowland, 9, Victoria-terrace, Clontarf, Dublin).—After an interval of six years this handy little volume makes its re-appearance under the editorship of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rowland. As its name implies, it is a repertory of useful information in matters relating to the chess community. It contains the addresses of chess clubs, resorts, and associations all the world over, various original papers, a collection of 100 prize problems in English competitions during 1888, and the leading codes of chess law in full. We notice as a remarkable proof of the growing popularity of the game that the number of London clubs has grown from thirty-seven in 1882 to eighty-five in 1888, and the country clubs have increased during the same period from 142 to 271.

The March number of the *Chess Monthly* contains an admirable portrait of Mr. Bird and a short sketch of his chess career. For nearly forty years this master has taken a leading position amongst English players, and is still one of the most formidable opponents that can be encountered over the chessboard. His tournament play has always been marred by one or two characteristic failings, so that his honours in this direction hardly do him justice; but in an ordinary game he has scarcely an equal. Growing years have no effect in damping his ardour, and he is now engaged in the American Chess Congress—a bold undertaking for one who competed in the London International Tournament of 1851. A selection of his own games, made by himself, accompanies the article.

The annual match between the St. George's and City of London Chess Club was played at the Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street, on April 3, and resulted in a victory for the City by 9½ games to 5½. All the games were played out to a finish. The score was as follows:—

ST. GEORGE'S.	CITY.
Mr. Barnett 1 ..	Mr. Wilson 0
Dr. Ballard 1 ..	Mr. Anger 0
Mr. Gattie 0 ..	Mr. Hooper 0
Mr. Gover 0 ..	Mr. Jacobs 1
Mr. Heathcote 0½ ..	Mr. Seralleur 0½
Mr. Jackson 0 ..	Mr. Cohen 1
Mr. Lambert 0½ ..	Mr. Mocatta 0½
Mr. Minchin 0 ..	Mr. Heppell 1
General Minchin 0 ..	Mr. Morian 1
General Pearce 0 ..	Mr. Vyse 1
Mr. Giles-Pittler 0 ..	Mr. Leonard 1
Mr. Salter 0½ ..	Mr. Fenton 0½
Rev. Mr. Skipworth 0 ..	Mr. E. O. Jones 1
Mr. Warner 0½ ..	Mr. Stevens 0½
Rev. Mr. Wayte 0½ ..	Mr. Loman 0½

Total 5½

Total 9½

THE WEST COAST OF DONEGAL.

The country and coast around Carrick, and along the south-western corner of Donegal, within a moderate distance of the scene of the recent murder of Inspector Martin, had previously been almost free from crimes and outrages. This is a wild enough country, even in summer, between thirty and forty miles from any railway; the only means of locomotion being the jaunting-cars, which carry the tourist rapidly along the rough mountain roads. The grandeur of the coast scenery is equal to any in the United Kingdom; the gigantic crags descending sheer down into the sea, with a tumbled mass of rocks and surf at their feet; and occasionally with a small bay opening out between two high promontories, joined by a precipitous seaward side of Slieve League, the highest mountain in the neighbourhood, towers up from the sea-level for nearly two thousand feet. On the other side of Donegal Bay the mountains of Sligo and Mayo stretch away out into the Atlantic, looking unreal and mysterious in the shifting effects of mist and light.

It is essentially a land of legend and fable; where, amongst the ruined cromlechs and circles, which are abundantly scattered over desolate moor and bog, one is carried back in imagination to the mythical times of Darmuid and Grafné, and to the wars of Fingal and the Tuatha-na-Danaan, an ancient race in Ireland. Some of these deserted cromlechs are of considerable extent; Cloughan More, for example, lying a mile or so out of Malin More, is the ruin of a structure of some size. It is a rude inclosure, made with thick walls of loose stones, and has several chambers, opening out of the central courtyard, with walls and roofs made of huge monoliths. It lies at the foot of the mountain, little known to the searching antiquary; its former use and purpose are hidden in the obscurity of time.

The people of Western Donegal are, perhaps, as purely Irish as are to be found anywhere. They still speak, among themselves, their native Celtic. They are rather below the middle height, dark-complexioned, almost foreign-looking, and picturesquely dressed—the women and children going about in all weathers with bare feet, and their heads covered only with a rough shawl. The life of a peasant in this rugged country is a hard, continuous struggle with Nature for a livelihood, got either by fishing or cultivating his tiny plot of land for potatoes. Almost the only industry that exists among them is "sprigging," a kind of embroidery at which the women work, and which they dispose of to the travelling agents of firms in the large towns. But during the long winter, when the terrific gales from the Atlantic sweep up the valleys, sometimes blowing away the thatched roof of a cottage, and rendering out-of-door occupations impossible, they must find time hang heavy on their hands, and welcome the prospect of returning spring with gladness.

"GRUB-STREET."

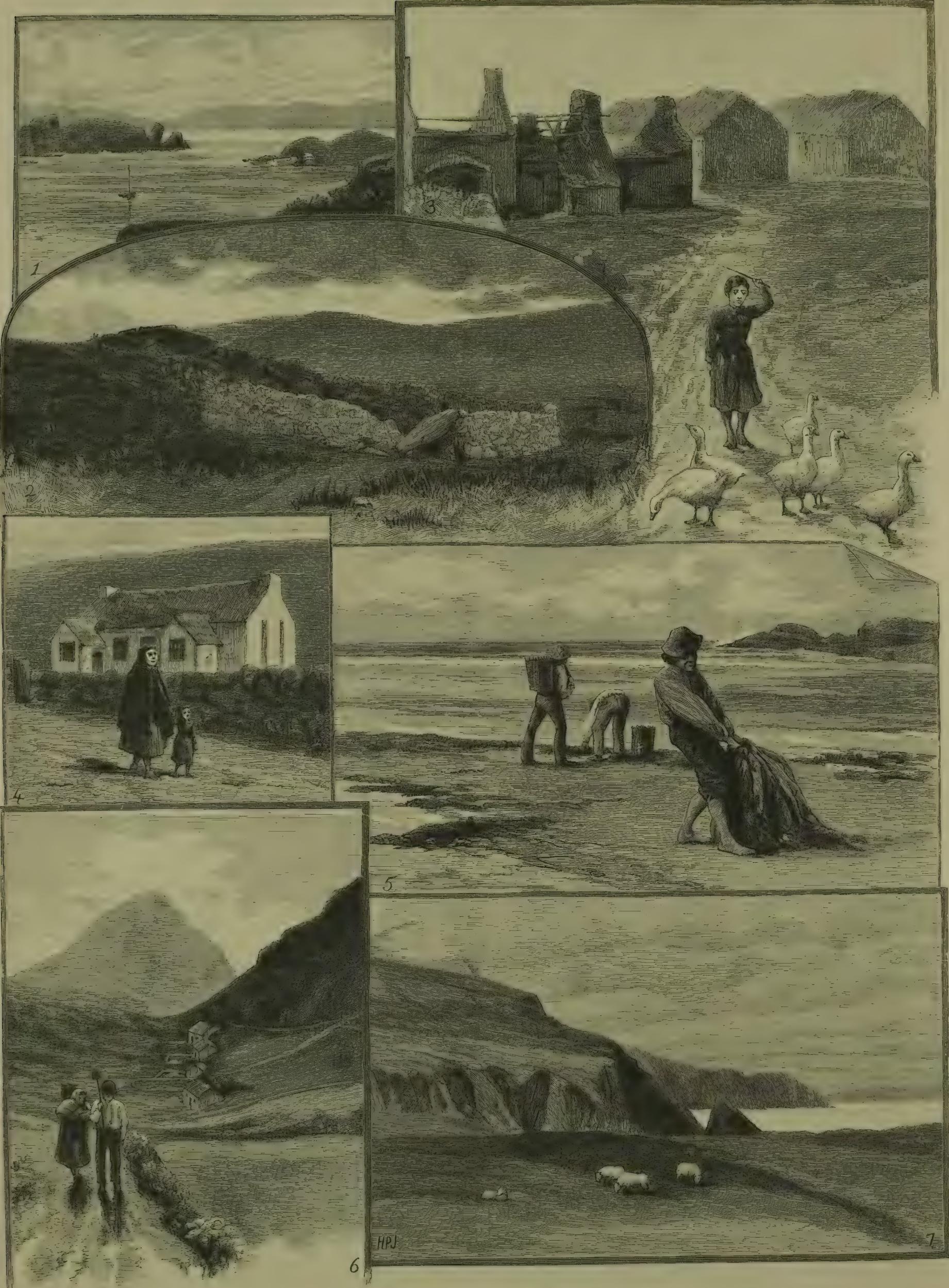
This was the title of a lecture delivered by Mr. Leslie Stephen at the Toynbee Hall, E., on April 6. The lecturer said he intended to deal with Grub-street in the literary sense, and, starting on the theory that the newspaper was the most definite product of that historic thoroughfare, he reviewed with much humour the leading incidents in the early history of journalism, and he pointed out how the events of the Civil War gave a stimulus to the demand for newspapers. Defoe's connection with the press was amusingly dealt with, and the growing influence of newspapers in party politics in the reign of Queen Anne was duly emphasised; but the lecturer pointed out that the Grub-street of that period did not afford a competence even for its most famous contributors, although it was said to be the one period when literary talent was recognised by Government patronage. Johnson established the respectability of Grub-street. The question had been asked whether the writings of the mysterious "Junius" were not equalled by the newspaper articles of the present day. He (Mr. Leslie Stephen) could only say that if anyone would tell him which paper did publish such articles he would take it in, whatever its politics. The moral of the growth of the modern press was, that while it had had many martyrs to win the liberty of speech, it had also supplied some victims. But had journalists shaken off their old Grub-street vice to take whatever side was most profitable, to say things under a mask which would not be said in public, and the violation of private confidences? In conclusion the lecturer said he thought no man ought to publish an article the authorship of which he would be ashamed to admit, and as an old journalist he should like to see anything done to give public writers a higher sense of their responsibility.

The Justices of the Peace for the county of London held their first Session at Westminster on April 4, when over 130 Magistrates attended and took the oath. On the two following days the Court sat again to swear in Magistrates not enrolled.

The Earl of Erne was on April 4 invested, in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, with the ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick, vacant by the death of the Earl of Portarlington. The ceremony was conducted in the presence of a brilliant assembly, including the Duke of Cambridge (who is a member of the Order) and the Lord Lieutenant.

At Sunderland, on March 4, the Durham Diocesan Fund was publicly inaugurated, the Archbishop of York attending in lieu of the Bishop of Durham. The Archbishop stated that the special church building fund, which terminated last year, had raised £140,000, and had been the means of building twenty-two churches and twenty-one mission-rooms.

Major Cunningham presided at the annual general meeting of the Middlesex Rifle Association at King's College, on March 4. The report stated that there had been a diminution in the number of subscribers and in the entries at the prize meetings, with the result that serious loss had been incurred during the year. The receipts from all sources have been £748, and after paying all expenses, there was a balance of £42. The first of a series of lectures for the instruction of members, and in aid of the funds of the Design Committee of the Home Arts and Industries Association, was given by Mr. Walter Crane on April 4 in the

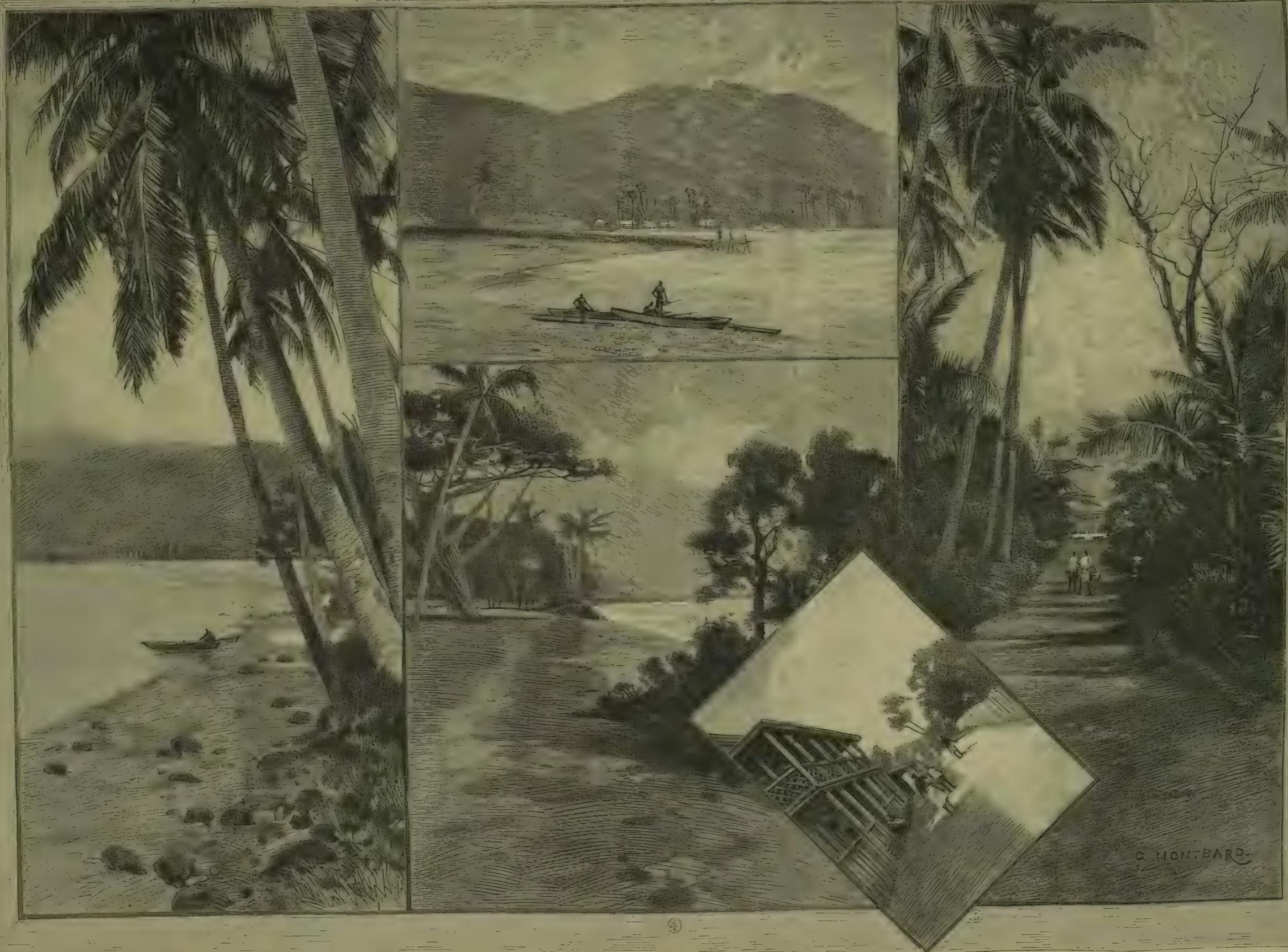


1. Teelin Bay, looking towards Sligo.
2. Ancient Burial-place, near Malin More.

3. Cottages at Malin More.
4. An Irish National School House.

5. Gathering Kelp in Glen Bay.
6. A Village under Slipe League.

7. Carrigan Head and Bunglass, from
Malin Beg.



1 and 2. Pango-Pango Harbour.

3. A Lane at Apia.

4. Near Nukualofa, Tongatabu.

5. Apia, Upolu Island.

SKETCHES IN THE SAMOA ISLANDS. THE SCENE OF THE LATE DISASTER TO THE GERMAN AND AMERICAN WAR-SHIPS.

THE SAMOA ISLANDS.

The tremendous disaster of March 16 to the German and American naval squadrons watching each other in the bay of Apia, the chief European port of the Samoa Islands, with the happy escape, by skilful seamanship, of H.M.S. Calliope, which contrived to get out of the reef-bound and perilous bay in spite of a violent hurricane, will not easily be forgotten. Two German gun-boats, the Eber, with the captain and officers and crew of seventy-six men, and the Adler, with fifteen lives lost, were instantly wrecked; while the Olga, a fine corvette, was driven ashore, her crew being saved, and has since gone to pieces. The United States corvette Vandalia, with forty-five men, including her captain and officers, who all perished, and the sloop-of-war Nipsic, from which six men were lost by the upsetting of a boat, were also destroyed; another American corvette, the Trenton, was wrecked, but those on board her were saved. Captain Schoonmaker, who commanded the Vandalia, was a distinguished officer, and his death is much deplored. The total number of lives lost was about a hundred and sixty. The merchant shipping in the harbour suffered great damage, eight vessels being cast ashore and wrecked. The Calliope went to Sydney, where her captain and officers were received with public applause and congratulations.

We have recently, on several occasions, described the Samoa or Navigator Islands, which are situated in the South Pacific Ocean, several hundred miles north-east of the Fiji Islands. They consist principally of the island of Upolu, about thirty miles long and nine miles wide, containing the port and town of Apia; and the islands of Savaii, Tutuila, and Manua, with a population of 38,000. The German South Sea and Plantation Company, founded many years ago by Messrs. Godefroy, of Hamburg, have become owners of the better part of the land in Upolu, cultivating coffee, cotton, and cocoa, and have gained most of the trade. Americans and English occupy some plantations, and the islands are regularly visited both by German and American steamers. It was agreed by treaty that the native sovereignty of Samoa should be respected; but the late King Malietoa was dethroned and transported by the Germans, who have procured the election of a new one called Tamasesse; he is opposed by one named Mataafu, with the support of most of the natives, and there has been a civil war, the result of which seems yet undecided. A diplomatic conference between the Governments of the German Empire, the United States, and Great Britain, to settle the affairs of Samoa, has lately been under consideration.

The views of Apia and its neighbourhood, and of Pango-Pango Harbour, which is in the island of Tutuila, and is the place of call for steamers coming from San Francisco, California, on their course to Sydney, New South Wales, may be interesting upon this occasion. They are selected from a series of photographs by Messrs. Burton Brothers, of Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand, along with a view of Nukualofa, which is not in the Samoa Archipelago, but in Tongatabu, the largest of the Tonga or Friendly Isles, considerably to the south, and much nearer to New Zealand.

MUSIC.

As already briefly intimated, the last but one of the series of concerts by the Royal Choral Society was appropriated to a performance of "Lucifer," an oratorio composed by M. Benoit. The occasion was postponed from Jan. 16, when Berlioz's "Faust" music was given instead. M. Benoit, the composer of "Lucifer," is of Flemish nationality. He was born in 1834, and entered early on his musical studies at the Brussels Conservatoire. He composed music for several dramas and for a Flemish opera. Subsequently he gained the Belgian Grand Prix de Rome, where, and afterwards in Germany, he resided for a period. After a visit to Paris, where his opera, "Le Roi des Aulnes," was accepted (but not performed), he returned to Belgium, and was appointed director of the Conservatoire of Music at Antwerp. Many works, sacred and secular, were produced by M. Benoit, "Lucifer" having been brought out at Brussels in 1866. It was originally, like other works by its composer, a setting of a Flemish libretto (this being by M. Hiel). In its recent performance at the Royal Albert Hall, an English version, supplied by Mrs. Butterfield, was used. As may readily be inferred, the subject of "Lucifer" is based on the story of Satan's rebellion and overthrow; and the supernatural element largely prevails, indeed almost to the exclusion of any human interest. The characters in the supposed action of M. Benoit's work are: Lucifer, the spirits representative of the powers of Earth, Water, and Fire, and others, whose aid is invoked by the rebellious Lucifer. The music consists of three portions, in each of which there is much bold, even daring, writing, with orchestral details of the most florid description, in which elaborately picturesque effects are frequently carried to an extreme, somewhat in the manner of Berlioz. Dramatic, rather than sacred, expression is the prevailing feature; and the choral and instrumental music is generally more effective than that for solo voices, in which declamation rather than melody prevails. Favourable exceptions in the latter respect, among others, are the duet for the Fire Spirits (sung by Madame Sherrington and Madame Patey); a charming quartet, "Light! stream forth"; and the tenor air, "I kiss as dew the buds to light of day." This last was well sung by Mr. C. De Bom, an amateur who suddenly replaced M. Hensler in his unavoidable absence. The declamatory music of Lucifer was finely sung by M. Blauwaert, whose excellent baritone voice told with great effect; the resonant bass of M. Fontaine having been of valuable service in several instances. Madame Sherrington made her appearance after a long absence from England, having come from Belgium on purpose to assist in the production of "Lucifer"; the gentlemen named having been associated with the work in its Flemish performances. If "Lucifer" does not altogether rise to the height of its subject, it is yet an earnest and remarkable work, and would well bear repetition here, especially if so efficiently rendered as on the occasion now referred to, under Mr. Barnby's direction.

The concert recently given by the Guildhall School of Music included the performance of a new cantata (for female voices) entitled "Zitella," composed by Mrs. R. O. Morgan, a former student and associate of the school. The work contains much pleasing melody, and may be found welcome in amateur circles.

The orchestral concert of the Royal College of Music given by the students on April 4, included the performance of a pianoforte concerto composed by Mr. S. P. Waddington, and skilfully executed by Miss P. Fletcher. The work is far in advance of the average of students' productions, and gives promise of much future excellence. The concert, indeed, was altogether of a high order.

Mr. Harvey Löhr's eighth annual concert took place (as already briefly announced) at Prince's Hall, on April 4. The concert-giver is a pianist of high merit, and has also earned distinction by various compositions, an important example of which, besides other novelties, was included in the programme of the concert now referred to. Mr. Löhr's quartet for piano-

forte and stringed instruments (in the key of E minor), is classed as the composer's Op. 15, and is laid out on the full plan of four movements—an "Allegro mai non troppo," an "Andante con moto," a "Menuetto" (with trio), and a final allegro. In each division there is much effective writing for the several instruments, the pianoforte being provided with abundance of bright and telling passages. The work will be an acceptable novelty to amateurs who desire a change from the established répertoire.

That sterling pianist, Miss Zimmerman, gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on April 4, when she proved her executive skill and appreciation of different styles and schools by her rendering of a selection of pieces by composers of the past and present time.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are drawing towards the close of their thirty-first season. The programme of April 6—the last Saturday afternoon performance but one—again included the co-operation of Herr Joachim as leading and solo violinist, as did the concert of the following Monday, which was the last evening performance but one of the season. Miss Hoskins was the vocalist and Miss Fanny Davies the pianist at the Saturday concert, Miss Janson and Madame Frickenhaus having been, respectively, announced in those capacities for the concert of April 8.

The "Popular Musical Union" (a development from the East-End Popular Ballad Concerts) is progressing worthily, an important proof thereof having been afforded by its performance—at the People's Palace, Mile-End—of Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," on April 6, with full chorus, an orchestra of proportionate strength, and eminent solo vocalists. This event marked the close of the season of the institution above named, and it is to be hoped that the enterprise of the council in organising such a performance will meet with such encouragement as will lead to similar important arrangements in future, to the advantage of lovers of classical music in the eastern quarter of the metropolis. The attraction of the occasion now referred to, coupled with the small price of admission, drew a large attendance.

The Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace have nearly terminated their season (nineteen of the twenty concerts having been given). The nineteenth, on April 6, requires but mere record, having been devoted to a performance of Berlioz's "Faust" music, which has been so frequently given and commented on that details may now be dispensed with. On this occasion the principal solo vocalists were Mrs. Hutchinson (in sudden replacement of Madame Valleria), Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton.

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society—with Mr. Norfolk Megone as honorary conductor—gave its second smoking concert at Prince's Hall on April 6.

Herr Stavenhagen's second recital at St. James's Hall, on April 8, again presented a programme calculated to manifest the varied powers of this remarkable pianist in schools and styles of the classical and brilliant order.

We have already spoken of the new Hampstead Conservatoire Hall, and of the attractive performances that have recently been given in the building. For April 8, a performance of Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," was announced, with eminent solo singers, and Mr. Geausset as conductor.

The final performance of the series of Novello's "Oratorio Concerts" at St. James's Hall was appropriated to a performance of Handel's "Saul," an oratorio that has been less often heard than others of the sacred works of the great master. Of its rendering on the recent occasion we must speak hereafter.

Mr. Max Heinrich's second song-recital at Steinway Hall, on April 9, comprised a varied and interesting selection of vocal music, in which Miss L. Little was announced to co-operate, Mr. J. H. Bonawitz having been engaged as solo pianist.

Mr. Isidore De Lara announced another extra vocal recital at Steinway Hall on April 10, with the reappearance of Mrs. Bernard-Beere in her novel position as vocalist.

At Mr. Frederic Lamond's first of two recitals at St. James's Hall, the young Scotch pianist, who has already acquired much deserved celebrity here and abroad, had prepared a programme in which the classical and brilliant styles were alternated in a way to manifest his command of both.

Of the third Philharmonic concert of the series, on April 11, we must speak hereafter. A new orchestral work and a pianoforte concerto by the Russian composer, Tschaikowski, were promised.

Miss Mathilde Wurm and Mr. K. Elderhorst's concert at Steinway Hall on April 10 presented a programme of sterling and varied interest, largely contributed to by the lady as solo pianist and the gentleman as violinist.

The Wolverhampton Musical Festival Committee have resolved, in view of the small response which has been obtained to their appeal for funds, to abandon the Triennial Festival, which was to have been held this year.

Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, Precentor of Hereford and Professor of Music at Oxford University, died suddenly at Hereford on April 6, from heart disease.

"Twelve Two-part Songs," by F. C. Mayer, consist of pieces of various characters and styles, each having a distinctive title, which is well justified by its musical setting. The associated voices are effectively employed, and the duets cannot fail to please if fairly-well sung. Messrs. Patey and Willis are the publishers; as likewise of "My Fate and Thine," a very telling song by M. Watson, which may be made very effective by a singer possessed of some declamatory power. The same publishers issue "When Daylight Fades," by F. L. Moir, a good example of the sentimental style, in which there is genuine expression without exaggeration. Another commendable specimen of the sentimental style is Mr. G. Gear's song, "Sweet Visions"—a setting of some expressive lines from the practised hand of Mr. E. Oxenford. This is issued by the publishers last named.

"The Family Circle" is the title of a series of twelve characteristic pieces for the pianoforte by W. Brooks, R.A.M. The last six numbers consist of "Ariane," a gavotte in which the quaint antique style of that obsolete dance style is effectively mingled with more modern features: No. 8, a melodious "Idyll"; No. 9, "The Family Circle," a spirited wedding-march; No. 10 ("Un Jour de Fête"), a piece of well-sustained genial rejoicing; No. 11 ("La Sirène"), a graceful "air de ballet"; and No. 12 ("Scène de Chasse"), a spirited piece, in which the conventional six-eight tempo is employed, with no trace of the vulgarity that is sometimes associated with that measure. These pieces are all in a style very superior to that of much of the pianoforte music of the day. Messrs. Duff and Stewart are the publishers.

The fifth great terrier show held under the auspices of the Kennel Club and the chief terrier clubs in the kingdom has been held in St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster. The entries, which numbered upwards of 600, were less than those of last year; but the quality was excellent, and the show generally most interesting.

ABOUT THE ECONOMY OF THE CUCKOO.

The Cuckoo is quite a Bohemian among birds, and it is perhaps owing to its vagrant habits that there remain several points in its life-history which have yet to be cleared up. The birds come to our shores with the warm winds of April, progressing by early stages, and disperse themselves over the country. Wordsworth dispossessed the bird of a corporeal existence, and to him it was but a voice, a mystery. It is true that it seeks the cool greenery and summer seclusion of the woods, but it is neither solitary nor unsocial. Just at dawn we have seen as many as seventeen birds flying together, all crying and calling at the same time. It was once thought that the cuckoo paired, but it is now known that the species is polygamous. Those who know the bird in its haunts, hear two distinct cries in addition to that which gives it its name. The more frequent of these constitutes a love-song, and may be represented by a succession of the initial syllables "cuck-cuck-cuck," dying away into a prolonged "oo-oo-oo-oo." This cry is uttered when flying, and the more deliberate and finished "cuckoo" usually comes from the bird when perched on some rail or fence. As the meadows become covered with May-flowers the first call is more seldom heard, and then the woods resound only to the steady cry of "cuckoo," "cuck-oo." The number of hens that constitute a harem is not known, but from the number of bachelor birds the males must greatly predominate over the females. From dissection, we are convinced that each female lays a series of eggs, these occurring in widely differing stages of maturity. It is as to the birds' laying and nesting that comparatively little is known, and in connection with which several interesting questions arise. The old naturalists thought that the female cuckoo actually laid its eggs in the nests of other birds; and this may be so, but it is equally certain that the bird sometimes conveys the eggs thither in its bill. They have been found, too, in nests where it would have been an impossibility for the bird to lay them; but the most convincing evidence on this head is furnished by the fact that cuckoos have not unfrequently been observed conveying their eggs to the nest of another species. Had this not been proved to actual demonstration, the truth might have been inferred from several facts known to naturalists. The egg of the cuckoo has been found in the nests of no less than sixty different birds, among these being those of the common wren, willow warbler, and titmouse, all of which are exceedingly small, and, moreover, domed. This latter fact is incontestable, and the impossibility of the cuckoo's having actually laid the eggs in the nests will be at once seen. Among the sixty nests patronised were the unlikely ones of the butcher-bird, jay, and magpie, all either bird or egg destroyers. This may reflect upon the cuckoo's stupidity; and the bird exhibits a deplorable ignorance of the fitness of things when it deposits its egg in the nest of either the diminutive fire-crested wren or the more cumbersome one of the cushat. A fire-crest, almost the smallest of British birds, might conveniently be stowed away in the gape of a young cuckoo, without the latter detecting that the morsel was much more than a normal supply.

The nests in which the egg of the cuckoo is most frequently found are those of the meadow pipit, hedge-sparrow, and reed warbler. Now, the eggs of these birds vary in a very considerable degree; and the question arises whether the cuckoo has the power of assimilating the colour of its egg to those among which it is to be deposited. Some eminent German ornithologists claim that this is so, but facts observed in England hardly bear out the conclusion. Brown eggs have been found among the blue ones of the hedge-sparrow, redstart, wheat-ear, and grass-chat; among the green and grey ones of several other birds; and among the purely white ones of the wood-pigeon and turtle-dove. The cuckoo's egg is brown, and it must be admitted that the great majority of the nests it patronises contain eggs which more or less nearly resemble its own. There is a general family likeness about the eggs laid by the same bird, not only in the same clutch, but from year to year. We have noticed this particularly in the case of a female sparrowhawk which laid remarkably beautiful eggs, and in some other birds. Admitting that the eggs of the cuckoo as a species vary more than those of other birds, yet it is probable that the same female invariably lays eggs of the same colour. This can only be surmised by analogy, though the one fact bearing on the question is where two cuckoo's eggs were found in the same nest, and which differed greatly in colour. More might have been learnt from the incident if it had been known for certain whether the eggs had been laid by the same or different birds. There is a general tendency for the habits of animals to become hereditary—as the migrations of birds—and it seems not unreasonable that a cuckoo which has once laid its egg in the nest of any particular species should continue to do so, and that the young cuckoo hatched in the same nest should also continue the practice in after years.

A possibility with regard to the cuckoo is that it is not so destitute of maternal instinct as is generally supposed, and that it occasionally hatches its own eggs. It is certain that a female has been seen with her breast destitute of feathers, and with young cuckoos following her and clamouring to be fed. Some other species of the genus, nearly akin to our own bird, are quite normal in their nesting habits; and it is here suggested that under certain circumstances our English cuckoo may be so likewise.

All the cries and calls of the cuckoo are love-songs, and are closely connected with the "pairing" season. The birds begin to shout upon recruiting their strength, soon after their arrival, and this continues through May and until June. The couplet to the effect that "the first cock of hay frights the cuckoo away" holds good in the districts in which it is used; and it is equally true that in July it prepares to fly, and leaves in August.

No the least interesting facts in the bird's economy are those which refer to its young. It is now abundantly proved by independent witnesses that the young cuckoo shoulders the rest of the fledglings out of the nest, and this before it is many days old. Numerous observers have found young pipits and larks dead which only a few hours before were safe, and the process of ejection has been minutely described. Although the newly-hatched usurper can hardly hold up its head, it incessantly strives to get beneath the nestlings and ultimately tilts them overboard. This is probably a provision for the sustenance of the bird, as it is certainly capable of devouring the food of four or five smaller ones. The egg, too, is comparatively smaller than that of any other British bird—a necessity, when the size of the future foster-mother is taken into account. Although the once-popular notion that the young cuckoo ultimately devoured its tiny parents is but a myth, it is easy to understand how it originated. To see a hedge-sparrow thrust its head into the great yellow gape of a half-fledged cuckoo is more than sufficient to account for the superstition.

J. W.

The directors of the New York Yacht Club have appointed a committee to consider the Earl of Dunraven's challenge to compete with the Americans for the possession of the America Cup.

A Rise out of Robinson



AN APRIL STREAM.

The river curves round a clump of willows into a miniature bay, where, over the gravel, the shallows swiftly ripple, washing the fringe of rushes that the moorhens love. The April sunlight, in a thousand gleaming points, dances on the water through the willow-branches, and the shadows fly in varied shape over the stream as the white clouds scud before the south-west wind. At either end of the tiny bay, where the main current swirls onwards, are deeps beloved of the big trout, as coigns of vantage whence they lazily watch the shallows for some dancing form of insect life which may specially tempt their appetites. And here it is that by deftly casting your fly—a "red palmer," for choice—athwart the deep which lies up-stream, just where a miniature rush-island divides the current, you will have a good chance of hooking one of the finest fish in the water. As the fly, like a thing of life, falls with gossamer lightness on the curl of the ripples, and swiftly as softly floats on the rapid current, speeding over the clear, gravelly bed beneath, it will happen, if Fortune be propitious, that a heavy pink-spotted beauty placidly lying in the lower deep will dart at the lure, and, as the steel enters his lip, his bound will send that electric thrill along the taut line and bending rod into the deft hand holding it which the fly-fisher knows to be one of the few joys of life that custom never stales. But once hooked, the trout will prove himself a formidable antagonist for any whose skill is not of the highest. There are the willow roots, the rush stems, the big stones further down, round any of which if he can turn the delicate casting-line your chance of basketing him may be reckoned as poor indeed.

Not, however, only with the eyes of the angler would we contemplate the stream and its surroundings this fair April morning. There are sights and sounds to interest all who in the least degree can sympathise with "the fullness of the spring." Are you a bird-lover? See that snowy-bosomed little creature, so often seen, so rarely noticed, whose ways are among the most curious of those of the feathered race; that is the water-ouzel, not nearly so familiar to most observers as are all the land-birds, yet full of interest to those who study him. He is flying along the bank with short, rapid flights after his mate now, uttering, as he darts through the air, his quaint musical lay. And now he drops on one of the big stones which project just above the clear water's surface and faces us, his white breast-plumage gleaming in the sun. Motionless he remains, save for the up and down jerk of his miniature tail, until he darts off

like an arrow and shoots into the water where it runs shallowest over the pebbles. Glance steadily at the spot and you will see him for a moment running under the sheet of crystal searching for food. Now he flashes out with a flirt of the tail and resumes his seat on the stone. View, too, those miniature balls, apparently of black floss silk, which, round their sable mother—small enough herself—rise and fall on the tiny waves that eddy in the little bay. These are the newly-hatched chicks of the lesser grebe, as it is scientifically called, but whose more popular name is the dabchick. Its nest is in that reed-island of which we have spoken, and had the hen been watched she would have been seen daily pulling when she left her eggs fresh-water weed wherewith to cover them, thus leaving them in a perpetual bath of damp vegetation: so that it seems wonderful how they hatch out as they do while the nest, of course, grows higher every day. The moment the little soot-coloured creatures are hatched they take to the water with the gusto and audacity of their parents; nor does the stormiest weather seem to make any difference in their self-confidence. From the thick fringe of jungle-like rushes which stretch into the stream from its opposite bank the black coots sail in and out, their heads, as they cry monotonously, bringing into conspicuous notice the white patch whence they are popularly called "bald-headed." Their large nests are hid in the rushes, and there the female birds sit with a tenacity that proves their maternal affection.

Nor are they the only inhabitants of the wild breadth of vegetation. See the moorhens gliding backward and forward, and occasionally stretching their wings in short low flight athwart the stream. Some of the young ones peep out from time to time, quaint little birds, a brilliant red patch at the top of their beaks in vivid contrast with their jetty plumage. Nor is there lack of most varied bird-life around. From the rich grass in the middle of the meadow, at whose edge we stand, the skylark has mounted higher and higher, till his "profuse strains of unpremeditated art" seem to come from the fast flying white clouds, whose shadows flock the grass. In the nearest hedge stands an ancient ash which has seen many summers and winters, and from its lower bough comes the fluting of the "bold thrush," who seems the fit laureate on the earth, as is the lark in the sky, of the exquisite April morning. And distinct—at any rate to the practised ear—and mingling with the tinkle of the river on this side against the pebbles, is another song of soft melodious cadences, which is to many as unfamiliar as the singer is well known. On the summit of a pollard-oak, half hid in the hedgerow and in fearless proximity, is perched a robin, singing with shy wood-

notes, with his bright keen eyes all the while intently watching the human figure by the stream. This attentive scrutiny is one of the most marked characteristics of the robin. If you seat yourself in an arbour a robin will soon look in at the entrance; if you rest on some mossy stone in a copse it will not be long before he perches somewhere near to study your aspect. This, however, is a digression. Note the tiny willow-wren winding in and about the hedges, running up and down the banks in incessant motion in search of its favourite insect-food. The wryneck, too, is often likely, if the warmth of the spring is early, to coyly show itself among the great trees which stand in line with the field-gate; and swift and swallow are alike shooting and skimming in all directions over the gleaming surface of the river, and round the farmhouse eaves on the opposite side. From patch to patch of bright-coloured weeds darts the fly-hunting wagtail. The kingfisher in tropical guise flashes down the stream, varying his arrowy flight—the phrase is hackneyed, but really only adequately expresses the bird's progress—by pitching from time to time on stone or tree-stump or post, to sink his head between his shoulders and point his beak with fixed gaze skywards in statuesque fashion. And, above all, is heard in the blue ether the lark's blithe carolling, which fills the mind amid the softness of the spring morning with thoughts almost too varied to be put into actual shape, but which, indeed, do lie too deep for tears.

Nor is inanimate nature behind in adding to the enchantment of our April stream. For the "eye bath caught new pleasures as the meadows round it measure." Out in the centre lie groups of cowslips—golden bells waving in the breeze—which are full of that ever-pervading odour so delicious that, perhaps, of all our childish rural memories it remains most vivid through all the wear and tear of years. Glance at the distant banks, and in the sunshine a continuous gleam of gold seems to bespangle them, where the pilewort blooms, with its golden stars of daffodils shining in exquisite beauty just within yonder copse corners, and the primroses that glow in a long, irregular line past them—what need to speak? The wood-sorrel, too, which our earlier ancestors so prized as their rudimentary salad, and the old-world named ladysmock, here and there meet the eye. The hedgerow elms outside, as inside, the copse that forms the boundary of the mead, the beech, and larch, are in leaf; and as, standing by the river rippling musically round its curving course, one looks over the broad meadows on either side, it seems merely actual fact to say, in the poet's words—

A brilliant carpet of unnumbered dyes
With sweet variety enchants the eyes. F. G. W.

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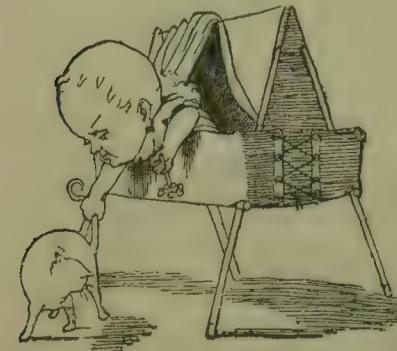
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1881) of the Right Hon. Clementina Elizabeth Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby, Baroness Willoughby De Eresby, joint hereditary Great Chamberlain, late of Grimsthorpe Castle, Lincoln; Drummond Castle, Crieff; Gwydyr Castle, Llanwrst, Wales; and No. 4, Belgrave-square, who died on Nov. 13, was proved on April 1 by the Right Hon. Gilbert Henry, Baron Willoughby De Eresby, the son, Hussey Packe, and Joseph Travers Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £207,000. The testatrix bequeaths all arrears of rent on the Perth, Drummond, and the other Scotch estates, and certain pieces of Sèvres china, to her son; the furniture and effects at Grimsthorpe to her son, or the tenant for life, or in tail thereof; the remainder of her furniture, jewels, diamonds, and wardrobe between her two daughters; £1000 each to her grandchildren Evelyn Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby and George Clement Tryon; £100 each to George Gordon Scott, Henry Curr, and her executors; £200 to the Hon. Rupert Clement Carrington; £1000 to Miss Marie Heathcote; £50 to Miss Georgiana Clementina Johnson; £500 to the Rev. John P. Sharp; £200 to the Rev. Thomas Brown; and annuities to two servants. The residue of her property she leaves, as to one half thereof, upon trust for her daughter the Hon. Charlotte Clementina Tryon, and the remaining half to her daughter the Hon. Elizabeth Sophia Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby. She also directs that she is to be buried in the simplest manner possible, in the Heathcote family grave at Normanton, this direction is to be considered as very serious and particular, and from which her executors shall not in any way depart.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of Clackmannan, of the trust settlement (dated July 26, 1872), with two codicils (dated Feb. 4, 1876, and March 28, 1882), of the Right Hon. Walter Henry Erskine, Earl of Mar and Kellie, Viscount Fenton, Baron Erskine and Dirleton, late of Alloa House, Alloa, N.B., who died on Sept. 16 last, granted to Mary Anne, Countess of Mar and Kellie, the widow, the Hon. Augustus William Erskine, the brother, and John Houbton Forbes, jun., the executors nominate, was rescaled in London on April 3, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being sworn to exceed £46,000.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1887) of the Rev. Henry Arkwright, late of Bodenham, Hereford, who died on Jan 13, was proved on March 28, by the Rev. William Harry Arkwright and John Wigram, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £134,000. The testator bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Henrietta Beck Arkwright and Sophia Mary Arkwright; £9000, upon trust, for his son Henry John Arkwright; £8000, upon trust, for each of his daughters Margery Bertha Arkwright, and Katherine Mary Streatfield, and for his son Charles Evelyn Arkwright; £13,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters Ellen Amy Arkwright, Florence Arkwright, and Augusta Janet Arkwright; £100 each to the Hereford County Infirmary, the British and Foreign Biblè Society, the Church Missionary Society and the Church Pastoral Aid Society; £1000 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Bodenham, upon trust, to apply the income in the repair and support of the National Schools at Bodenham, and specific gifts and legacies to children, executors and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his said nine children in equal shares as tenants in common.

The will (dated June 30, 1886), with a codicil (dated Jan. 22, 1889), of Mr. Henry Upton, late of Aldwick, Pagham,

near Bognor, Sussex, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on March 26 by Charles John Drewitt and Sir Robert George Raper, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £110,000. The testator bequeaths £400 to the West Sussex, East Hampshire, and Chichester General Infirmary, for general purposes, and £100 for the nursing part of that institution; £200 each to the Royal Hospital for Incurables and the United Kingdom Beneficent Society; £100 each to the Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics, the London City Mission, and the Church Missionary Society; £4000 to Mr. Blackmoor; £2000 each to Miss Evans and Blanche Evans; £6000 to his sister, Mrs. Charlotte Drewitt; £2000 to Sydney James Upton; £2000 each, upon trust, for Henry George Upton, Rose Upton, and Alice Upton; £2000 to his brother-in-law, Upton Eldridge; £200 to each executor; and other legacies. He gives and devises his farms, lands, hereditaments, and premises at Binstead, near Arundel, upon trust, for his nephew, Sydney James Upton, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in seniority, but charged with the payment of £50 per annum each to Henry George Upton, Alice Upton, and Rose Upton during their respective lives; and his farms and lands at South Bersted to his sister, Mrs. Charlotte Drewitt. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one half thereof, to his said sister; and the remaining one half, as to one fourth thereof, to his said nephew, Sydney James Upton, and one fourth each, upon trust, for Henry George Upton, Rose Upton, and Alice Upton, for life, and then to their respective children.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1883) of Mr. John Brady, late of Clones, Monaghan, and Johnstown, Fermanagh, who died on Jan. 28, was proved in London on March 28 by William Brady, George Bartley Moore, and the Right Rev. Charles Maurice Stack, Lord Bishop of Clogher, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £49,000. The testator bequeaths £8000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Annie Moore; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Isabella Caroline Kelly; £5000 to his daughter Mrs. Jane Cochrane Knight; £1000 each to his nephew and niece, Robert Brady and Florence Brady; £1500 to his sister Mrs. Kitty Moore and her husband; £1500 to John Madden; £1000 to Andrew John Brady; £500 to Mary Brady; £2000 to the Representative Body of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland, upon trust, for the poor parishes in the diocese of Clogher; £750 to the said body, upon trust, for the sustentation fund of the parish of Aughadrumsee; £300 to Dr. Barnardo's Home; £1000 to the Protestant Bishop of Clogher, upon trust, for the Protestant Orphan Societies in the counties of Fermanagh and Monaghan; £1000 to the Primitive Church Methodist Missionary Society; £250 each to the Rector and Parish Priest of Clones, and £100 to the Presbyterian minister there, for the benefit of poor householders; all arrears of rent and cattle, crops and farm implements to his son, William Brady; and other legacies to friends, servants, and others. He devises all his real estate, and lands, houses, and premises in the counties of Fermanagh, Monaghan, Cavan, and Armagh, upon trust, for his son, William Brady, for life, with remainder to his grandson, John Cochrane Brady, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male; and all his estate and lands in the county of Leitrim to his grandsons Arthur, George, William, John, and Alexander Moore, as joint tenants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son and three daughters—viz., William Brady, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Knight, and Mrs. Kelly, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1886), with a codicil (dated Jan. 16, 1889), of Mr. Octavius Joseph Crawhall, late of No. 10, Queen-

street, Mayfair, who died on Feb. 15, was proved on March 23 by Francis Woodhouse and Frederick Charlton Turner Challoner, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testator gives his house at Nun Monkton to his second son, and in default of such son to his nephew Edmund Isaac L. Crawhall; his share of a house at Silksworth, Durham, to his nephew George Charles Crawhall; £500 and the use, for life, of his house and furniture to his wife, Mrs. Clara Crawhall; and legacies to relatives and executors. He gives and devises his share in the Coanwood Collieries, Durham, and his shares in the Solway Hematite Iron Company, Maryport, between his children, if any, and in default thereof, as to the collieries, to his nephews Thomas F. W. C. Wilson and Edmund Isaac L. Crawhall, and the Solway iron shares between certain of his nephews and nieces. The residue of his property he leaves as to £19,000, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life; then to his children, if any; and then, subject to six legacies of £100 each, between his nephews and nieces—viz., Thomas F. W. C. Wilson, Edmund Isaac L. Crawhall, Lionel William Crawhall, George Charles Crawhall, Henry Frank Crawhall, Lucy Crawhall, and Ethel Crawhall; and the ultimate residue to his said two nephews, Thomas F. W. C. Wilson and Edmund Isaac L. Crawhall.

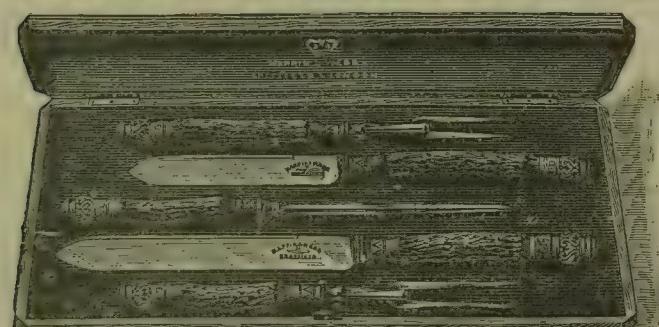
The will (dated May 21, 1883) of Mr. Nathaniel William John Strode, formerly of Camden-place, Chisellhurst, Kent, but late of Bray Court, Maidenhead, and Candie House, Linlithgow, N.B., who died on Feb. 26, was proved on March 28 by Mrs. Eleanor Margaret Strode, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £31,000. The testator bequeaths 100 guineas to his nephew, George Jackson; an annuity of £150 to Miss Alice Slade; £500 and all his furniture and household effects to his wife; and £25,000 to each child of his, if he should have any. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to his children; but if he should have no child who attains a vested interest hereunder, then to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated April 26, 1888) of William Henry Maturin, C.B., a retired Controller in her Majesty's Service, late of No. 5, Courtfield-gardens, South Kensington, who died on March 2, was proved on March 26 by Mrs. Charlotte Owen Maturin, the widow, and Charles Samuel Bagot, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator gives £500 and his furniture and household effects to his wife; an annuity of £30 to his sister, Mrs. Olivia Kensington; and £50 to Mr. Bagot. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death each of his daughters is to receive £500, and the ultimate residue is to be divided between all his children, in equal shares. He also confirms the disposition of his property in South Australia.

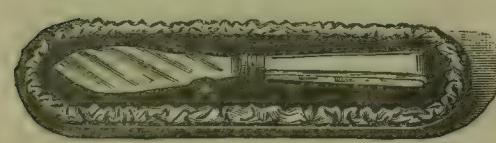
Mr. Charles H. Piesse, of Cassiobury House, Fulham, and New Bond-street, has been appointed Consul-General in London for the Principality of Monaco.

At a meeting of the council of the National Pension Fund for Nurses held on April 4, Mr. Walter H. Burns in the chair, the honorary manager reported that the number of applications for pensions and sick pay up to date was 777 (exclusive of the Mildmay nurses, St. John the Divine nurses, and the nurses of the Seamen's Hospital), of whom 623 had paid their contributions, amounting to £12,300. Since the last monthly meeting fifty-two applications had been received, and forty-four were accepted. It was reported that the funds invested amounted to upwards of £35,800.

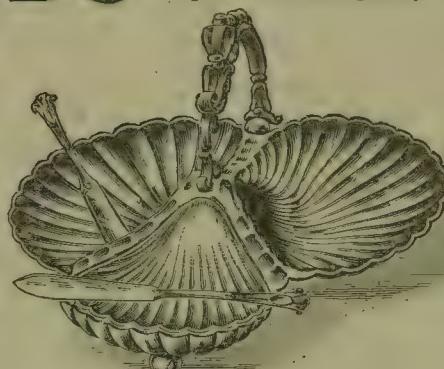
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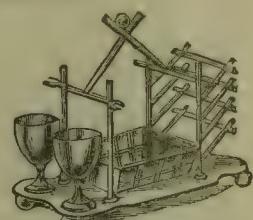
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is such a sacrifice for a lady to give up her house to be used for a bazaar that it seems a great pity when, after all, the result is not a large addition to the funds of the charity for which the effort is made. Lord and Lady Aberdeen allowed their beautiful new mansion in Grosvenor-square to be used on April 6 for a bazaar called "An Eastern Dream"; but, though there were many attractions, the attendance on the opening day was very poor. The fact is that the charge of a guinea for admission was too high. If Royalty be announced to open a show, a crowd is ensured; but without that, the limited world which has guineas to spare cannot be attracted to bazaars. Yet the sight was worth seeing. There is a long panelled corridor leading from the front of the house to the "Indian Music-Room," and this passage was charmingly draped with soft, delicate-tinted silks. The music-room is a lofty apartment, with stained-glass skylight windows, copied from those of a famous Eastern mosque; ceiling-panels like those of a great Queen's tomb; and carved pillars and organ-screen all "after" Indian work of historic fame for its beauty. Here the stalls of the bazaar were arranged; while concerts were given in the stately "Louis Quinze" drawing-room, panelled to the ceiling in white picked out with gold, and having gold brocaded silk damask curtains and pale blue silk festoon blinds. Tea was served in Lady Aberdeen's boudoir, also a white room; and a table-d'hôte dinner was arranged in the oak dining-room. So the whole of the reception-rooms, in all their new beauty, were given up to the purloins of the bazaar. If only a Princess had been induced to walk smilingly round the rooms for ten minutes, the trouble would have been repaid to the workers and the hostess by a full attendance of purchasers.

Many of the stall-keepers were in Indian costume. The Countess of Aberdeen herself looked very well in it; her robe and "saree" (a long scarf fixed on the head, and then twisted round the shoulders and waist for drapery) were of palest green soft silk, with Oriental embroidered borders. Lord Aberdeen's two sisters, Lady Balfour of Burleigh and Lady H. Lindsay, also wore "sarees," of grey in one instance, and pale yellow silk in the other. The ladies in Indian dress were outshone by the Caliph and his attendants. The men who wore Eastern costume had browned their faces—a sacrifice which the ladies had not made—and remarkably well most of them looked. It is a novelty now-a-days in civilisation to see men in decorative attire. Bright colour and some flow in the lines of the garments are not the less becoming to them, however, because they have in this century passed a self-denying ordinance to

leave all such advantages of attire to us. Female dress is quite as artistic, graceful, and decorative now as ever it was; but the dress of men is surely uglier than in any previous age. Men never of old deprived themselves of all colour and all grace of outline in dress as they have done in this century. Hence, at a fancy-dress ball or bazaar, one is more struck by the improvement in looks which the sterner sex gain by donning the picturesque garb of other times or the brilliant tints of other climes, than by any improvement in feminine looks.

Amongst the company not in costume, the dignity and distinction of bearing of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava were made more noticeable by her wearing the handsomest gown in the room. It was an Empire bodice and draperies of a beautiful dark grey brocaded velvet gauze, with a front arranged in three deep gauged flounces of steel grey faille française, the hems herring-boned in grey silk. Her two daughters were at the bookstall—Lady Helen Blackwood in navy blue Amazon cloth and Lady Hermione in fawn-coloured woollen material, each with a pretty little touque matching the gown. The Marchioness of Tavistock's plain brown silk with Empire folded vest and sash; Lady Wimborne's Royal blue velvet dress, mantle, and bonnet, with broad sash of black moiré at the back; and Lady Heathcote Amory's black faille with front-embroidered in an elaborate pattern with dull jet—all were stylish gowns.

Mr. A. Arthur Reade, best known as the editor of a work called "Study and Stimulants," has just brought out a little essay on Women and Life Assurance. It bears the misleading title of "The Coming Woman"; but that only means that Mr. Reade believes that in future women will make more use of life assurance than they have hitherto done. It appears that in the last twenty years the number of women assuring their own lives has only increased two per cent; and the female assurers are still but eight per cent of the whole. Amongst them is Lady Dudley, who has assured her life for £100,000 for the benefit of her younger children. The insurance offices frequently do not encourage women to assure; but this is mainly because they do not have enough business of that class to fix their "averages" with certainty and precision. The anomalous state of affairs at present is this: if a woman wants to buy a life annuity, she must pay considerably more than a man for it, on the ground that her expectation of life is better than a man's—but if she wants to assure her life, then she has (in many offices) again to pay more than a man, this time on precisely a reverse ground, viz., that her expectation of life is worse than a man's. As a witty American puts it—"Well, the women seem bound

to beat the company. If you insure their lives, they die; if you sell them an annuity, they live!" It is curious how sex influences conditions in all the details of life. There are, however, many offices which do not charge more (though none charge less) to assure a woman's life than a man's; so it is enough for us to select one which makes no difference, and we need not follow the example which Mr. Reade tells us our American sisters have set of starting a mutual assurance company for women only.

For self-supporting women, who have to look forward to the somewhat dreary prospect of an old age dependent on their own savings, the assurance offices provide deferred annuities which may be purchased by annual payments. In round figures, a woman who is now aged twenty-five may obtain an annuity of £40 for the rest of her life after reaching the age of fifty-five, by paying in ten guineas a year during the thirty years between the age of twenty-five and the time to begin to receive. Forty pounds is a miserable pittance on which to live, it is true: but how many women there are approaching the time of life when they can no longer work hard or regularly, who would be most happy to know that they had even that tiny raft on which to rest—that small amount of certain support! The majority of assurers of life will necessarily be men, as it affords a way of providing for a dependent family to at least a small extent in the event of the early death of the bread-winner. It is not, I believe, so generally known as it should be that the law allows such provision to stand independent of the chances of business. If a man assure his life expressly stating that it is for the benefit of his wife, or of his wife and children, neither he himself nor his creditors can take possession of, or in any way deal with, the policy. It is inconceivable that Mr. Reade can be correct when he says that "a life assurance agent always trembles when a man says he will talk it over with his wife, because a woman invariably opposes life assurance." A foolish woman here and there may do so—one of average sense can only feel affectionate gratitude at the knowledge that her husband cares for what may be her lot when he no longer shall see her struggles. Life assurance is the most unselfish form of saving. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The income of the Church Missionary Society for the financial year just closed is the largest ever received.

The Governors of Guy's Hospital have determined to affiliate their institution to the National Pension Fund for Nurses by paying one-half of the premium of each of their sisters and nurses.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

The decree constituting the French Senate a High Court to try charges of conspiracy against the State was approved on April 6 by President Carnot and his Cabinet, and was formally laid before the Senate on the 8th. The Chamber has passed substantially in its original form the decree.—A public dinner was held at Belleville on the 6th, at which General Boulanger was to have presided. In his absence, M. Naquet read the speech which the General meant to deliver. It repeated his former charges against "the Parliamentarian Government," and his assurances that his only ambition is to establish in France a true Republic. General Boulanger, after consultation with the colleagues who proceeded to Brussels to confer with him, has issued another manifesto to the French people, appealing to the Republican electors against the statements made by the Procureur-Général in the indictment read in the Chamber.—The trial of the leaders of the Patriotic League concluded in Paris on the 6th, the defendants being acquitted of the charge of belonging to a secret society, and condemned to pay 100f. fine and costs on the charge of being members of an unauthorised society.—On the 4th M. Henri Meilhac, the well-known dramatic author, made his formal entry at the French Academy, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of M. Labiche. M. Jules Simon was intrusted with the task of complimenting the new Academician.—Sir Francis Dillon Bell, Agent-General of New Zealand, arrived at Paris on the 5th. He will remain until after the opening of the Exhibition, in order to superintend the arrangements of the New Zealand court.—The death of the well-known chemist, M. Chevreul, in his 103rd year, in Paris, has been announced.

In the Italian Senate on April 5 Signor Crispi said that the account of the death of the Negus of Abyssinia and the rout of his army had been confirmed. Italy could, he said, readily extend her possessions in Africa, but the Government had no intention of allowing itself to be drawn on by the prospect of an easy operation, and any such proceeding would have to be well considered.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany paid a visit to the Duchess of Edinburgh on April 3; and in the evening went to the railway station to receive the Empress Frederick and the Princesses on their arrival from Kiel. On the 4th the Empress Frederick, with her daughters and the Duchess of Edinburgh, went to Potsdam and visited the vault of the Emperor Frederick in Friedenskirche, returning to Berlin at noon. The Empress Frederick visited the Dowager Empress Augusta;

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and next day her Majesty lunched with the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. On the 8th, the Empress Frederick and her daughters lunched with their Imperial Majesties. The Court has gone into a fortnight's mourning for the death of the Duchess of Cambridge. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with his son Prince Albert, has arrived at Berlin on a visit to their Imperial Majesties.

The Emperor of Austria returned to Budapest on April 5.

We hear from Vienna that the Upper House of the Reichsrath has adopted, in its entirety, on second and third readings, the Army Bill as amended by the Hungarian Diet.

The Teheran Correspondent of the *Daily News* states that

the Persian Government has ceded the fortress of Kelat Nadir to Russia.

Extensive prairie fires, driven before the high winds, have

caused great destruction of property in Dakota. Several

villages have been destroyed, and lives have been lost.

The members of the Victoria Legislative Assembly were

sworn in on April 8, and the Hon. M. H. Davies was re-elected

Speaker. The House subsequently adjourned until June.

Explaining the Ministerial programme in the New South

Wales Parliament, Sir H. Parkes said the current Session would

be devoted principally to the consideration of a Bill to amend

the Land Act. Next Session Parliament would be asked to

pass a comprehensive measure of local government and to

amend the existing electoral law. As the House had decided

in favour of the removal of the duties on butter, bacon, &c., he

supposed that the Government would have in the near future

to propose new taxation. The Premier's statement was well

received.—Splendid rains are falling throughout New South

Wales, and the drought has broken almost everywhere.

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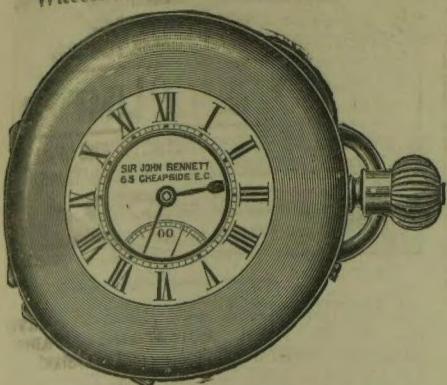
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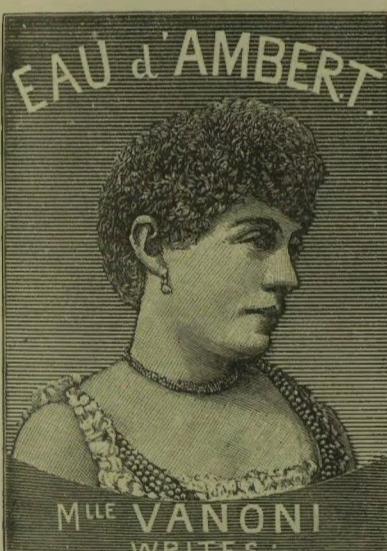
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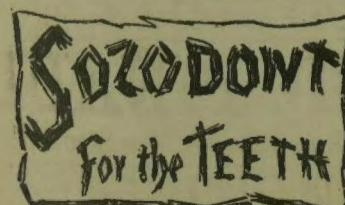
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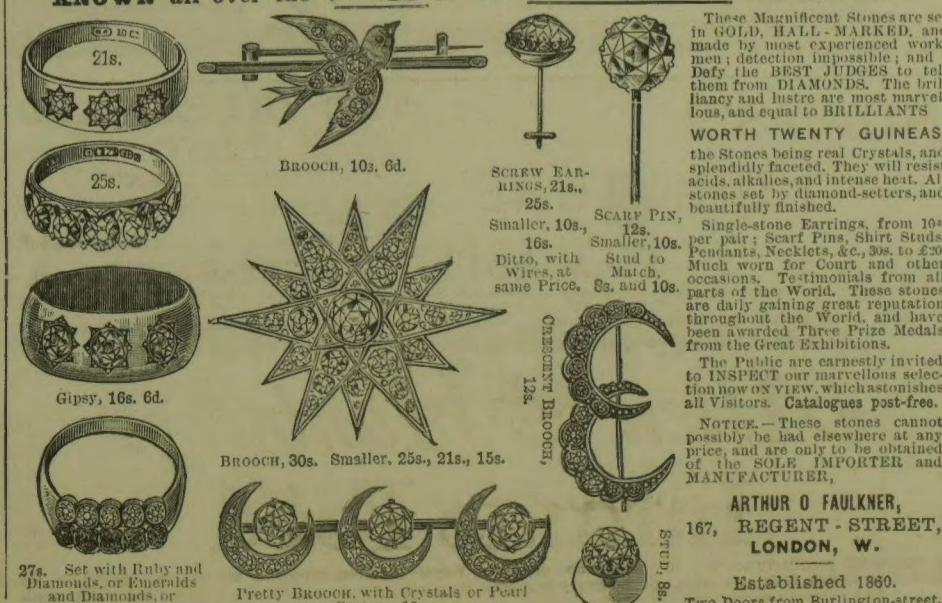
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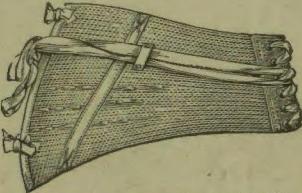
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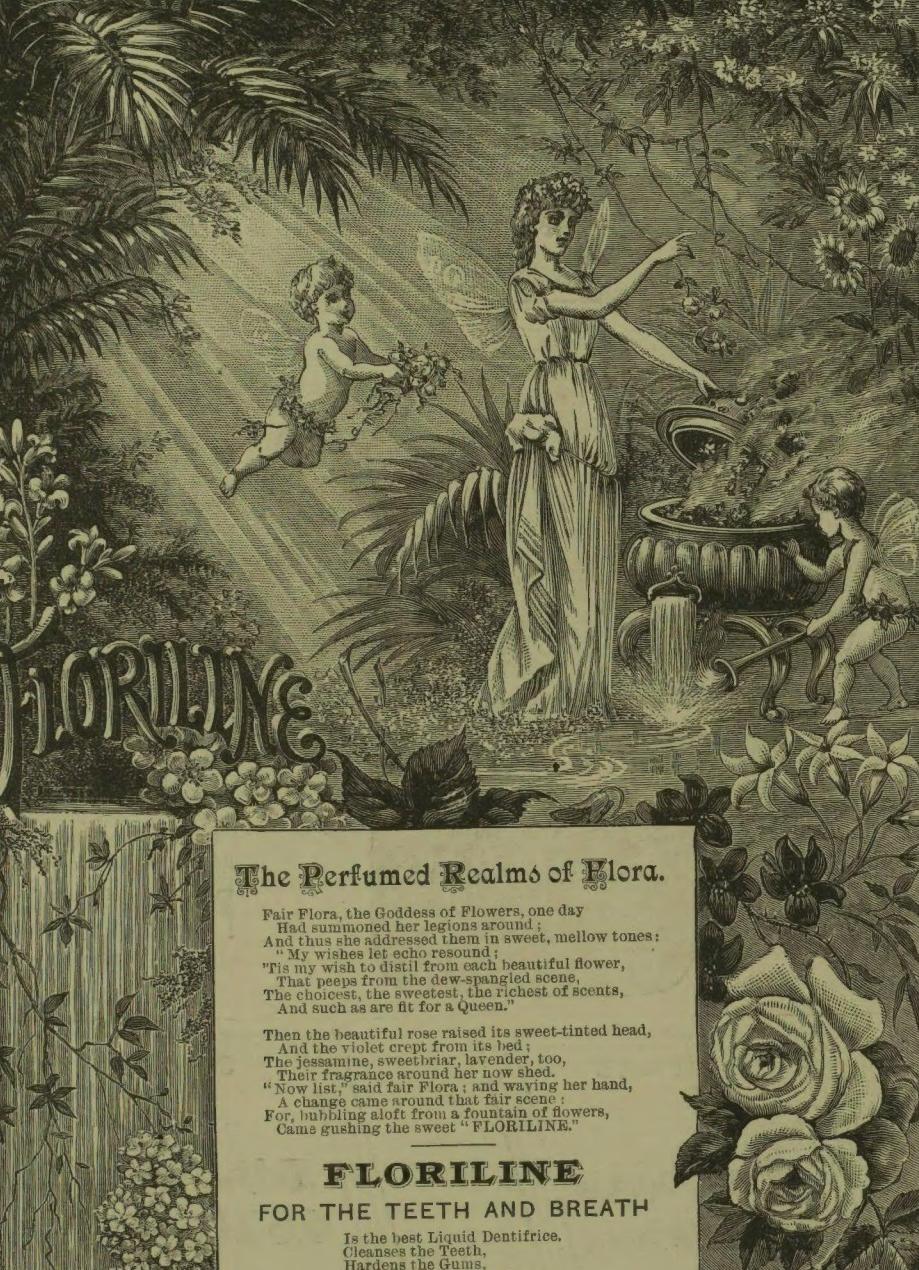
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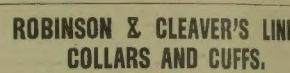
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